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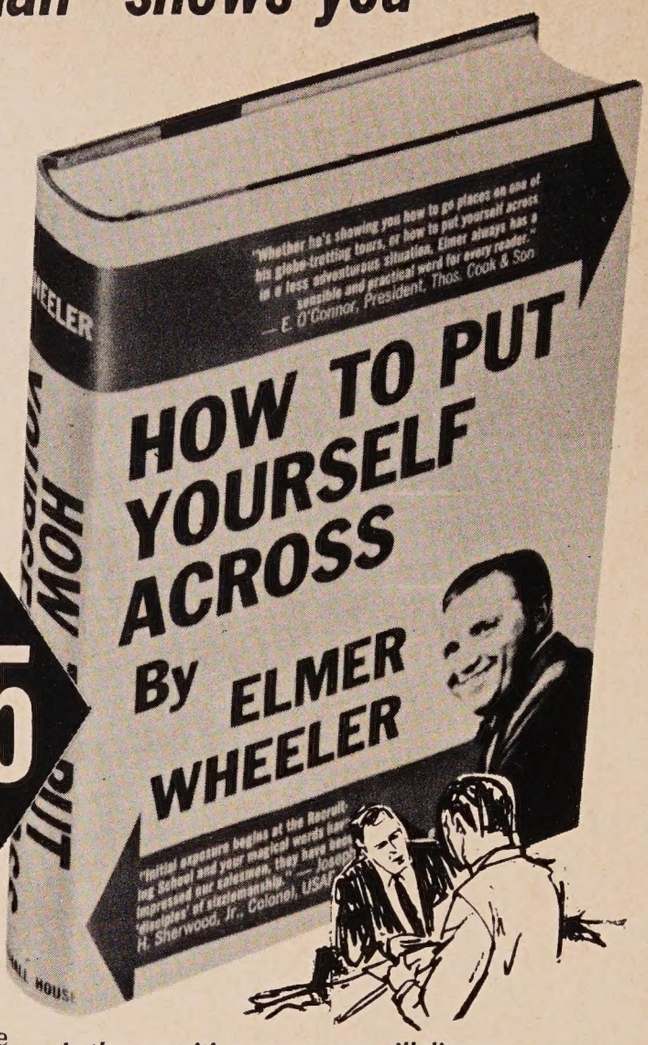
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Elmer Wheeler, known as "Mr. Sizzle" to millions of salesmen around the world, is always in great demand for speaking engagements. Early in his career Elmer took as his motto "Don't sell the steak—sell the sizzle," and turned it into an imposing business philosophy with a string of successes to prove it. Thousands of men and women have been shown the way to greater success in Elmer's over 20 books. In this book Elmer's advice and experience is directed to people everywhere who wish to learn the knack of improving human relations in all phases of life.

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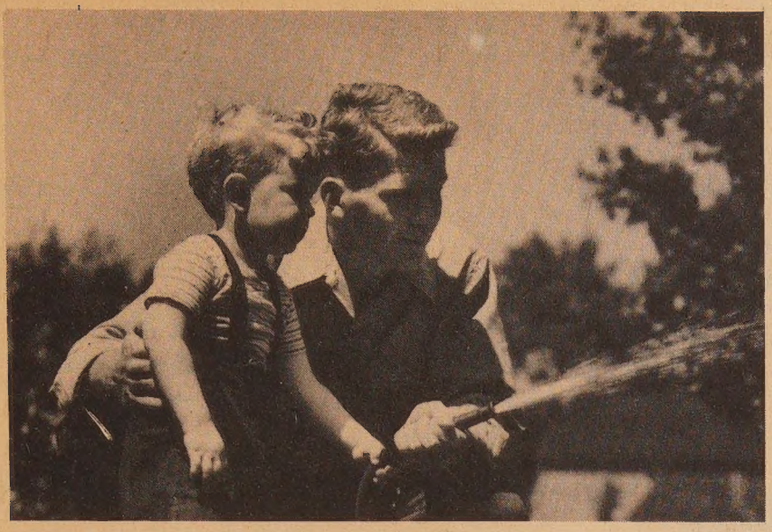

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RAILROAD MAGAZINE

Adventurous Railroading and Rail Hobbies—Founded 1906

VOL. 77, NO. 4 AUGUST, 1965 50 CENTS

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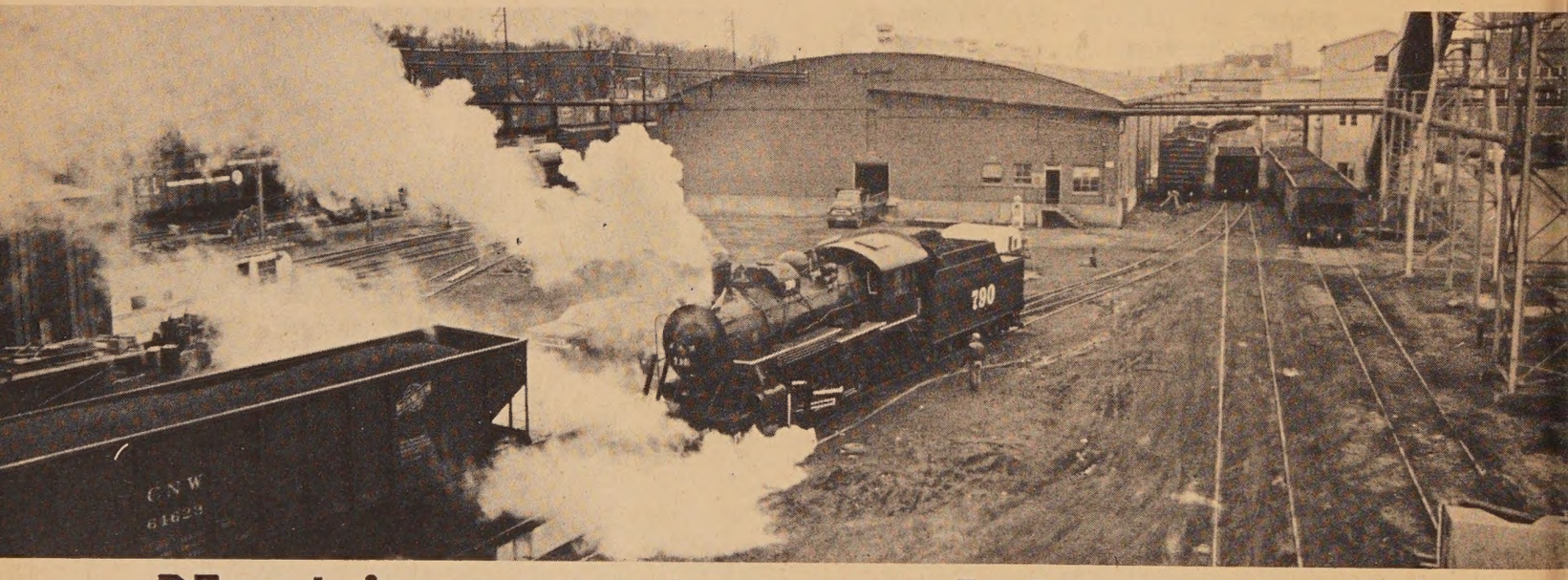
After being put on permanent display, former Illinois Central steam engine 790 went back into active service in Mississippi River flood emergency. (Turn to page 59.)

Des Moines Register and Tribune



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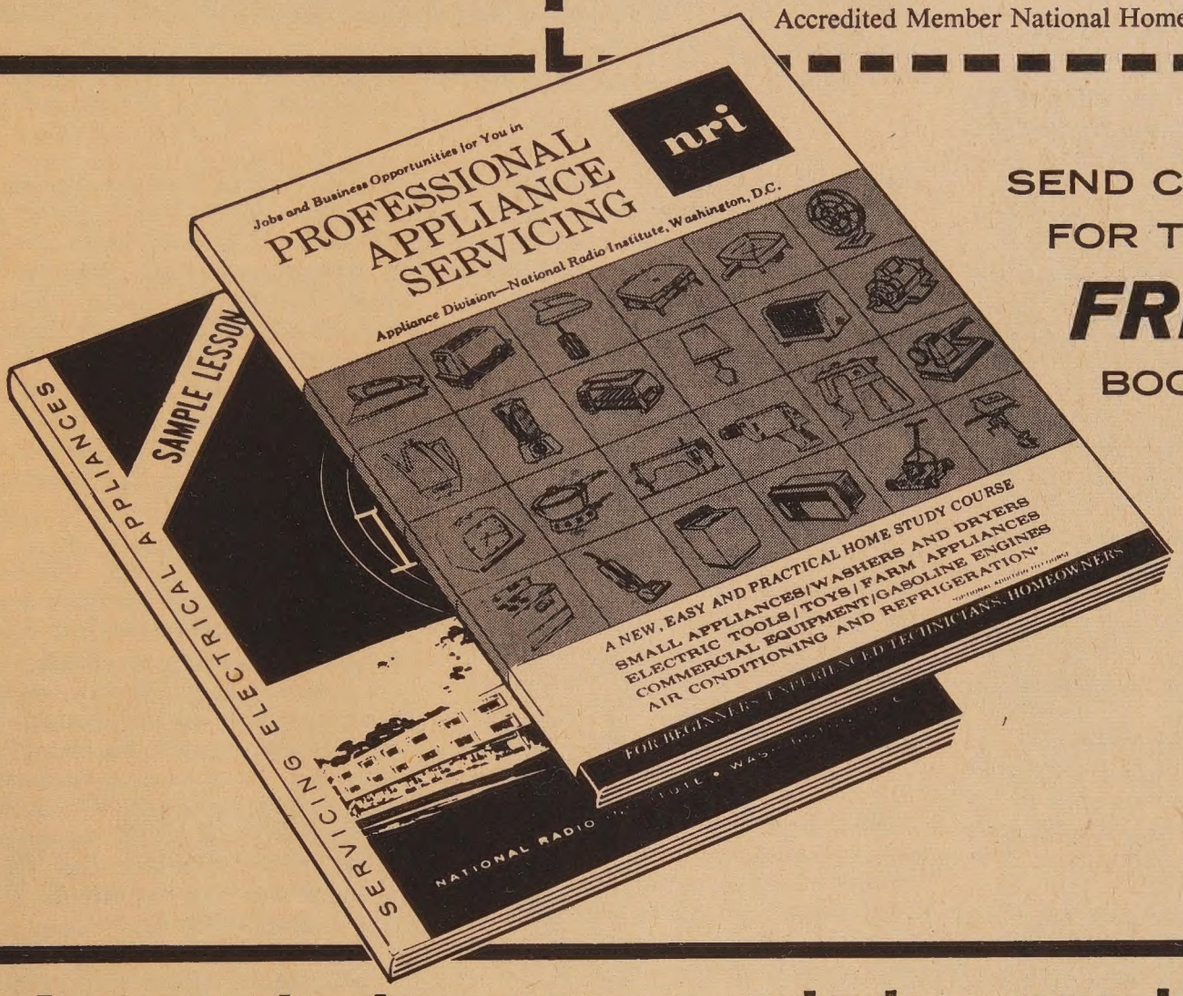
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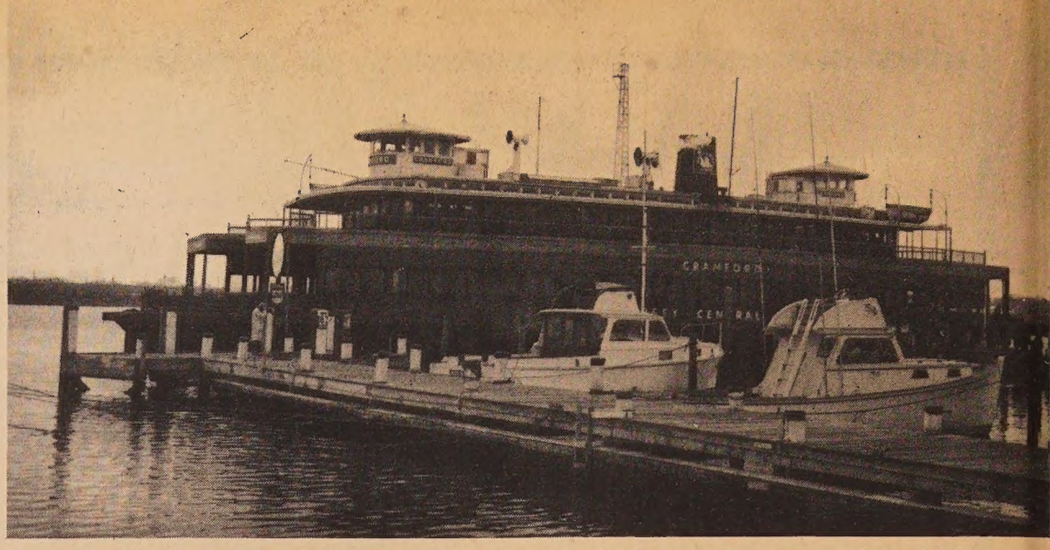

Former CNJ ferry *Cranford*, now privately owned, is seen tied up at dock before attempting to squeeze through a drawbridge too narrow for her, at Brielle, N.J.
Steve Maguire, 1411 River Rd., Belmar, N.J.

JIM BOYD made the color-shot of CB&Q 4960 on our front cover. He lives at 3203 Chateau Lane, Rockford, Ill. 61103, and works for television station WTVO. In spare time he gleefully takes pictures of diesels. But don't tell anybody! Jim has built up such a steam reputation that he wouldn't want his descent into dieseldom to become generally known.

"Recently," he says, "I've been photographing odd combinations of power on trains detoured by the Mississippi River floods. For example, one Rock Island freight at Silvis, Ill., multiple-united a Rock Island F-7 locomotive, Milwaukee Road A-B-B-A F-7's, and a Chicago & North Western E-7."

Cover photo was taken in Oct. '63 at the Illinois Central tower in Mendota, Ill., in the first week of the 4960's tour with special trains for school children. Later that month she was gilded for a 50th anniversary celebration at Casper, Wyoming. You should have seen her flashing in the sunshine! We wonder if that's the first time a locomotive was ever painted gold.

Baldwin built the 4960 in 1923 as one of 148 Class Ola Mikados, of which only two remain. The other one is No. 4978, now being stored unserviceable at Galesburg, Ill., for preservation. ●

A POWERFUL time bomb that could have caused a major disaster was found recently on board the *Brenner Express*. The charge, weighing six pounds six ounces, was set to explode at the time of the train's arrival in Milan, Italy, but a customs check discovered it when the express entered Italy from Austria.

The attempted bombing apparently was the work of terrorists seeking self-determination for the German-speaking Italian province of Alto Adige (South Tyrol). Police said Italian customs officials at the Brenner Pass discovered the charge in the wastepaper basket of the lavatory of the Munich-Milan coach of the international train which was crowded with tourists. ●

PERSONALITIES. "I fired my first engine in 1900 on the Ann Arbor, then a backwoods pike," recalls W. J. Cardwell, retired hoghead. "The engine, a woodburner converted to coal, was a small, diamond-stacked eight-wheeler with a firebox 4 feet square and no lubricator, just slush oil cups. She carried 120 pounds of steam, had a hand-brake on the tender and a steam jam brake on the drivers. In winter, all I could see ahead was steam."

Elva Ford, a 24-year-old Ottawa miss, is no railfanette. If she were, she wouldn't have driven her little automobile over a half-mile stretch of Canadian Pacific track through Hull, Que., one Sunday night, delaying a Montreal-to-Ottawa train for 15 minutes. The constable who spotted her car said Miss Ford believed she was on the highway. Both of her front tires were flat. Later, in police court, she was fined $100 and costs, plus a three-months suspension of driver's license.

"Four generations of railroaders have been in my family," Lyn V. Fisher, Westminster, Md., writes proudly. "One of my great-grandfathers, Sanford Fisher, was a section foreman. His son, James Fisher, started work for him as a waterboy and is now a retired brakeman. My father, Carl Fisher, is presently employed as agent at Thomasville, Pa., and I am the agent at Westminster, Md. The Fishers' combined rail service totals 150 years, all with the Western Maryland."

In 1887 James F. Bridges became a telegraph operator on the Rock Island near Abilene, Kansas. Later he worked on the Union Pacific, the Santa Fe, and the old Yosemite Valley & Pacific Coast. Now at age 101½, he lives at 8756 Ashcroft Ave., Los Angeles 48, Calif., and keeps active as membership chairman of the Morse Telegraphic Club, a fraternity of North American veterans. Who can beat that record?

"Railroading packed a lot of adventure and risk 50 years ago," M. E. Shemeley, retired Southern Pacific hoghead, wrote in *The Locomotive Engineer*. "Many roads were laid on top of the bare ground with little, if any, ballast. Usually the speed limit was whatever the engineer and conductor considered safe. Anything went—as long as the engine stayed right side up. With no block signals, little or no ballast, and oil and acetylene gas headlights (sometimes no headlight at all), near misses were a dime a dozen." ●

FERRYBOATING and railroading don't always mix. The other day the 205-foot ferry *Cranford* tried to squeeze through a drawbridge at Brielle, N.J., at high tide. George Mauro, owner of the craft, which he had bought from the Jersey Central with the idea of converting her to a floating supper-club felt sure that the *Cranford* could get through; but a rail official on the scene was equally insistent that she couldn't. The latter won the first round by refusing to open the bridge.

Capt. Roy Osborn, who piloted the 1,129-ton ferry, tooted three times as a signal for the bridge to open. The bridge-tender replied with two toots, "No, siree!" Thereupon the skipper steamed the *Cranford* into a nearby anchorage to await what seemed to be a pending legal battle.

The stalemate ended when the CNJ made Mr. Mauro cut 13 feet off the sides of the ferry for clearance. After that Captain Osborn tried to ease her through the Manasquan River drawbridge. She hit the bridge, almost got stuck in the draw opening, and damaged the span, temporarily putting it out of service. Trains en route to Pt. Pleasant had to be turned back at Manasquan until it could be repaired.

Steve Maguire, our *Transit Topics* editor, with his camera, joined the big crowd that watched the event. "It was quite a show," he says, "and the weather was fine." ●

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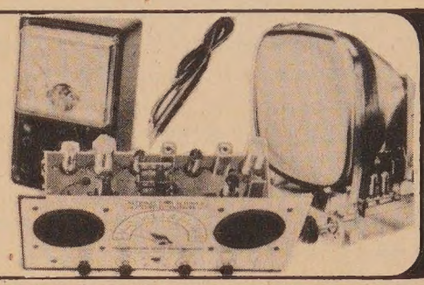

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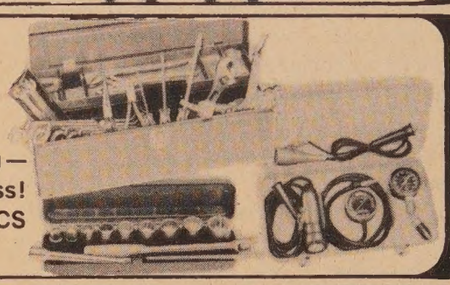

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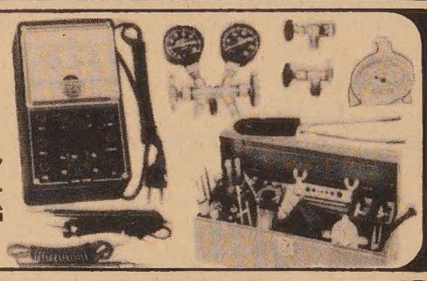

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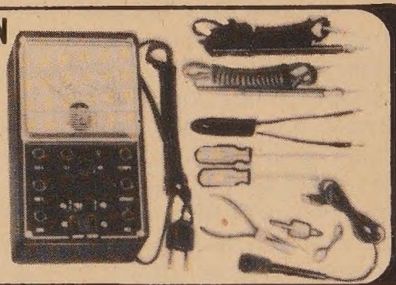

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JOHN HENRY was a "steel-drivin' man," as the old folksong says, and he worked for the Chesapeake & Ohio but he didn't kill himself fighting automation in the form of a steel hammer. This version of the story comes from Jimmy Twohig of Alderson, W. Va. According to Mr. Twohig, the folksong character was really John Henry Allen, who lived and died at Talcott, W. Va., and has relatives living there today. There weren't any steam hammers in his time, Mr. Twohig maintains, and John Henry didn't use a ten-pound hammer because there weren't any in those days.

Mr. Twohig's grandfather, Jim Twohig and the latter's brother Dennis were powder foremen on the two tunnels near Hinton, Big Bend, where John Henry supposedly worked himself to death, and Stretch Neck Tunnel.

The two Twohigs removed a mountain along the C&O lone by finding a crevice in a clift, filling it with a carload of black powder and detonating it with nitroglycerine. The evplosion dammed New River, backed up the water, and almost flooded Hinton.

There are many other versions of the John Henry legend. Freeman Hubbard devotes a chapter to this subject in his book *Railroad Avenue.* The Twohig version came from *The West Virginia Hillbilly.* ●

PAY-CAR in Honduras is recalled by Pat Sheeran of Cincinnati, Ohio. "When I left Honduras in June, 1951," he writes, "they had built a truck with an armored-car body to replace the old pay-car that used to ride the rails around the La Lima area. However, employes of the 450-mile Tela Railroad were still getting their wages from the pay-train. I remember hearing some discussion about substituting a diesel rail-car for the steam train, as the two little 4-4-0's assigned to the pay-car were just about on their last legs.

"I have had some correspondence with Miss Bronette Ehrlich (in your *Interesting Railfans* series) because of her obvious interest in Latin American railroading. Her photo of No. 4 on the International Railways of Central America caught my eye. I was working on the IRCA while the 84 was still in service.

"In one letter to Miss Ehrlich I remarked about the times when I was working in Honduras as a conductor on passenger trains and the pay-car. My wife often went with me. For several weeks while I had a local passenger job she rode with me almost every day. As my duties were light I usually ran the engine. After a couple of trips in the cab my wife would do the running—with me at her shoulder, of course. She actually handled that train, making the stops. While this was going on, the engineer assigned to the run would take things easy, riding in one of the coaches.

"One day the superintendent and the trainmaster caught us. But both were good friends of mine and they took no official notice of the affair. When we got into the office that night I went straight up to the office, expecting some form of discipline. The trainmaster made no direct mention of what he had seen, but he did say that in order to be a dispatcher I would have to comply with the rules. That ended my wife's engine service. Prior to that, she had also ridden the pay-train, usually on the engine. We were both in our early twenties at that time, and rules and restrictions didn't bother us too much.

"It is interesting to learn from *Railroad Magazine* that the U.S. census for 1960 listed 85 female locomotive engineers. I assume that most of them were employed in industrial plants. If I'm not mistaken, during World War 2 some Eastern roads with diesel yard engines used some women as firemen as well as trainmen." ●

REPORTING an odd robbery, the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner* said, "It didn't rank with the exploits of the James Boys or the $8 million *Irish Mail* train caper in England last year." The line involved was the tiny Angels Flight Railway, a 315-foot cable line that has been carrying passengers up and down a steep hill since 1900 at ten cents a round trip. It's a Los Angeles landmark.

Brandishing pistols, three men rushed into the Flights ticket office and forced J. E. Hale to hand over $170. Passers-by who saw the commotion rushed into the office. The bandits fled, one of them firing a shot. They dropped $46 of the loot.

"By the time the volunteer posse obtained a shotgun and gave chase, the gunmen had vanished," the newspaper added. But that isn't the end of the story. The railway is likely to be abandoned soon. Nearby buildings have been torn down for a real estate development and the little line's days seem to be numbered. ●

A REQUEST for information on the railroad equipment used in the CBS television show *Petticoat Junction* was sent by Wilson E. Schaeffer, 123 Morgantown St., Kingwood, W. Va., to G. H. Harris, president of the Order of Railway Conductors and Brakemen, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The latter mailed the request to us. We forwarded it to a friend who is well informed on the subject: Wilbur T. Golson, 6552 Winbourne Ave., Baton Rouge, La. 70805. Our friend supplied the facts to President Harris, who in turn passed them on to the original inquirer, and added:

"If you desire photographs, Mr. Golson could send you a list of pictures available and their cost. Furthermore, unless you are already a reader of *Railroad Magazine,* I suggest that you consider subscribing to it. Much information of interest and importance to railroad men and railfans appears each month in its pages."

The letter mentioned our address. Thanks, President Harris, for your fine and unsolicited endorsement. ●

THE ENGINEER on a Hollywood motion-picture special train that ran on the Southern Pacific many years ago from Fresno to Sacramento was Lucian H. Tex Platt, Rte. 1, Box 2522, Roseville, Calif.

"This was an 18-car train filled with actors and actresses," he recalls. "We stopped at stations where vast crowds were waiting: Chowchilla, Merced, Turlock, Modesto, Stockton, and Lodi, all in California. On other runs I fired and pulled the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus train. I also pulled special trains for small shows. And in 1923 I was fireman on the stand-by engine at Hornbrook, Calif., for President Harding's train en route to San Francisco, where he passed away.

"The closest call I ever made was when the three De Autremont brothers held up SP passenger train 13 in tunnel 13 at Siskiyou, Ore., killing Engineer Sid Bates, Fireman Marvin Seng, a deadheading brakeman, and a mail clerk. This happened Oct. 11, 1923. I was firing trains 14 and 13 between Dunsmuir, Calif., and Ashland, Ore.—the opposite run to Fireman Seng."

The SP spent $76,000 in cash and four years' time to bring the murderers to justice. More than 2½ million circulars offering rewards for apprehension of the De Autremonts were printed in six languages and distributed through North and South America, Europe, and Australia. One of the killers turned up in the Philippine Islands, in the U.S. Army under an alias. The other two, who were twins, were arrested in Steubenville, Ohio. All three were tried, convicted, and given life terms.

Mr. Platt pulled a freight train Dec. 24, 1955, when Yuba City, Calif., was flooded, with a loss of about 22 lives. When he crossed the railroad bridge over Yuba River the water was lapping over the rails. He couldn't run beyond Maryville, because the water there was only a few inches from the top of the levee which protected it.

"I was engineer on a fire train at Norden, Calif., on top of the Sierra Mountains," he writes. "My engine was equipped with two powerful nozzles, which were stationary, one on each side of the smokestack pointing upward at an angle to spray the wooden snowsheds and tunnels. At one time the Sierra Division had 54 miles of snowsheds. We

Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

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You have intelligence. You have ability. You have ambition. But are you getting ahead as fast as you think you should?

Let's be frank, and maybe I can save you from years of disappointment. You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go. Each of us has something special to offer, but nobody will ever know it if we cannot express ourselves fully and easily.

Think about it. Are there words you avoid using because you're not exactly sure what they mean? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty putting your true thoughts in a letter or report?

The truth is, countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women are being held back in their jobs and social lives—without knowing it—because of their English. If you are honest enough with yourself to admit these difficulties, you have already taken the first big step to success.

The next step is easy. You can *master* good English *without going back to school.* Over the years, I have helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists—*right in their own homes.*

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can *do* something about getting ahead.

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Director, Career Institute

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Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

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Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

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Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries . . . almost anyone you can think of.

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Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can master good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, 30 E. Adams, Chicago, Illinois 60603. No salesman will call.

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pulled two water-tank cars, with plenty of hose and nozzles, which a train crew manned, while the fireman kept a close watch on the pump. We lived in company houses near the fire train. One man was stationed on the locomotive around the clock, this watch being divided between the engineer, fireman, and engine watchman. When a fire alarm sounded the entire crew responded."

Our correspondent has also pulled both steam and diesel rotary snowplow equipment, and steam and diesel flangers. He was temporarily snowbound and often derailed. In short, he fits into that part of *Railroad Magazine's* slogan which specifies "adventurous railroading." ●

THE ANDREWS RAID of 1862 made an impact upon the American imagination that has few parallels, according to Wilbur G. Kurtz, 907 Penn Ave. N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309, whose father-in-law, Capt. William A. Fuller, led the pursuers that caught up with the Yankee saboteurs and recovered that stolen locomotive, the *General.*

"The raid had all the elements of a saga," Mr. Kurtz writes. "High adventure and valor were superimposed on a background of railroading in its most picturesque era. Through the years a recurrence of items has kept this saga alive. A recent item is the reprinting of *Railroad Avenue,* which has a chapter on the raid entitled 'The Other Side of Jordan.' I have an autographed copy of that book. A glory departed with the passing of the big balloon stacks, and I'll ever be grateful to the photographers who recorded their image."

Mr. Kurtz himself recorded the imagine of one, the *General,* in his paintings of the raid that are famous for their accuracy. The original old engine is currently in Chattanooga. ●

A TOTAL of 49 years in telegraph service on the same division of the Louisville & Nashville is the unusual record of C. C. Whisman, 129 Stevens Ave., Irvine, Kentucky.

"I went to work in 1914 when we had to make wet batteries for the telegraph," he writes, "used indelible ink to make waybills, and manipulated an old press and wet rags to make copies of them in a tissue book. In those days we had two-position semaphores, oil lights in stations, oil headlights on the engines, and oil lighting fixtures in coaches.

"We boarded at terminals in large boarding-houses, some with 4 or 5 beds in one room, and were served at a table in the old-fashioned way by everybody eating all they wanted. The L&N was paying its employes from the pay-car when I first hired out, and continued doing so until about 1922. One time I saw an operator who was making $57.50 a month paid in $1 bills—a wad which sure looked like a lot of money. We'd go up the steps at one end of the car and wait until the paymaster called our names. As soon as we were paid, we were hustled off the steps at the other end by armed guards. I worked as operator, agent, agent-operator, operator-clerk, ticket clerk, operator-leverman, and dispatcher. Before retiring I was a relay operator for 28 years in the chief dispatcher's office." ●

PRICELESSS documents from the National Archives were moved by armored trucks through the streets of Washington, D.C., to Union Station under heavy guard. Then they were placed on a regular Pennsylvania Railroad trains and transported to New York. Next they were taken from Penn Station in armored trucks, under massive guard through mid-Manhattan traffic to a bank vault in Rockefeller Center. There they were fitted into frames and finally they were moved to the Federal Pavillion at the New York World's Fair, where they are now displayed.

Only major railroad exhibit at the New York World's Fair, the Long Island is hatching ducklings for its display at the rate of 30 a day. The total is expected to reach 5,400 before the Fair closes. These eggs start incubating on a Westhampton farm and go to the Fair by train. As each day ends the ducklings return to the farm, making room for the next batch.

The Pennsy and Long Island railroads are running many special trains for World's Fair visitors, with package tickets that include Fair admission. Your social, civic or church organization can have a free showing of the 20-minute color movie, "To the Fair," just by writing the LIRR Tour Department, Jamaica Station, Jamaica 11435, or by phoning JA 6-0900. ●

NEWS OF RAILROADS. A New York Central freight train of 35 cars blocked four street crossings the other day in Framingham, Mass., for 23 minutes, reports James Crimmins. Permissible time is only five minutes. The railroad was fined $100.

In 1878 the Missouri River was frozen solid at Mandan, N.D., so solid that Northern Pacific trains crossed it on a track laid on the ice. E. A. Rowell, NP traveling passenger and freight agent, corrects a mistake in our June issue which credited that feat to the Great Northern.

In Alberta, Canada, the legislature has authorized the building of a new railway up to the bushland of the Rocky Mountain foothills to open new coal, timber, and pulpwood resources. Canadian National will lay the tracks but the province will advance $40 million to pay for them.

New York Central is investigating why 75 hogs died the other day en route from Indianapolis to Rochester. The carcasses were discovered among 351 being shipped in two cars which stopped at Buffalo in obedience to Federal law requiring livestock in transit to be fed, rested, and watered at specified intervals. Maybe hot weather killed the hogs.

PRR has begun dickering with New York State authorities for the sale or lease of the Long Island Rail Road.

"Add to lists of old water towers still standing those at Ottawa West and Smiths Falls, both in Ontario, and the one at Breckenridge, Que., all on the Canadian Pacific," reports Bruce Chapman, 38 Gilchrist Ave., Ottawa 3, Ont., Canada. "The Smiths Falls towers is no longer used, but the one at Ottawa West is. Last February the Ottawa city waterworks was losing much water in that vicinity and nobody was paying for it. When they cut into the tower's base they found that 2,220,000,000 had gone through recently, but the meter had broken down at 22 million gallons!"

A new air-rail plan which permits travelers to use both means of travel on a single ticket and with only one reservations call is announced by Western Airlines and Great Northern Railways. This plan is the first of its kind. It permits a passenger who plans to travel between key cities and national park areas in the West and Northwest to make air, rail, or tour reservations with a single call and to buy one ticket for the entire trip.

The Pennsy is converting many former sleeping cars into camp cars for track maintenance men out on major projects, a "home away from home" for them. There are sleeping quarters, kitchen, dining, recreation, and shower baths. Some cars are air-cooled. They are a great improvement over the converted box-cars that they replace.

According to the *Industrial News Review,* a four-lane expressway can carry 18,000 trucks in 24 hours, which at a 12-ton cargo each (ICC average) could move 216,000 tons. A double-track railroad with CTC can handle 18,000 freight cars a day. At the AAR average loading of 43 tons this comes to 774,000 tons moved. The conclusion is obvious.

In answer to many queries: subscription price to *Railroad Magazine* in U.S. is $5 a year ($9 for two years), and $6 elsewhere ($11 for two years). ●

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Don't wait until unexpected sickness or accident puts your loved ones in the hospital! These expenses are now at an all-time high. Your family needs as much protection as possible. Tne tremendously high costs of hospitalization, medical expenses and doctor bills may put you hopelessly in debt. Be adequately insured.

Service Life's new low-cost plan is designed to help you get adequate protection against such misfortunes. Take advantage of this SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER! Service Life's FAMILY HOSPITAL PLAN helps ease your financial burden with ready cash — even for life while hospitalized . . . ready cash that is PAID DIRECTLY TO YOU in addition to any other coverage you may have.

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This policy is sold only by mail. Benefits are paid in all states and you have the same rights you would receive if the policy were purchased from a trusted friend in your own home town. As thousands of others have done, you too can depend on the integrity of Service Life of Omaha, domiciled in the state of Nebraska since 1923, serving the 50 states and carrying full legal reserves for the protection of its policyholders everywhere.

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	FIRST NAME • MIDDLE NAME • LAST NAME	DATE OF BIRTH MO. DAY YR.	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	SEX
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2.					
3.					
4.					
5.					

1. Are you and all persons named herein now in good health and free from any physical defects or deformities to the best of your knowledge? _____

2. Have you or any other person named herein during the last five years had any medical or surgical advice or treatment or any other departure from good health? Yes_____ No_____ If the answer is yes, please give details _____

3. What other Hospital insurance do you carry? _____

I have read the foregoing questions and I represent and affirm each answer to be true. I agree to accept the policy that may be issued upon this application. I also agree that the company shall not be liable for payment of any benefits upon sickness, disease, or injury, arising prior to the date of acceptance of this application except as provided in the policy. I reserve the right to return the policy within 10 days and receive my money back if I should decide not to continue it.

Dated this _____ Day of _____ 19___

SIGNATURE _____
(Applicant) Head of the Family or Individual Applying Be Sure to Sign
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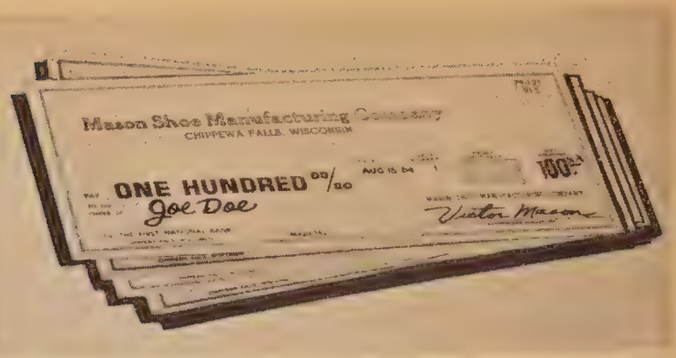

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We give you everything you need to make big cash profits from the very first hour. Mail the coupon for your FREE Outfit today!

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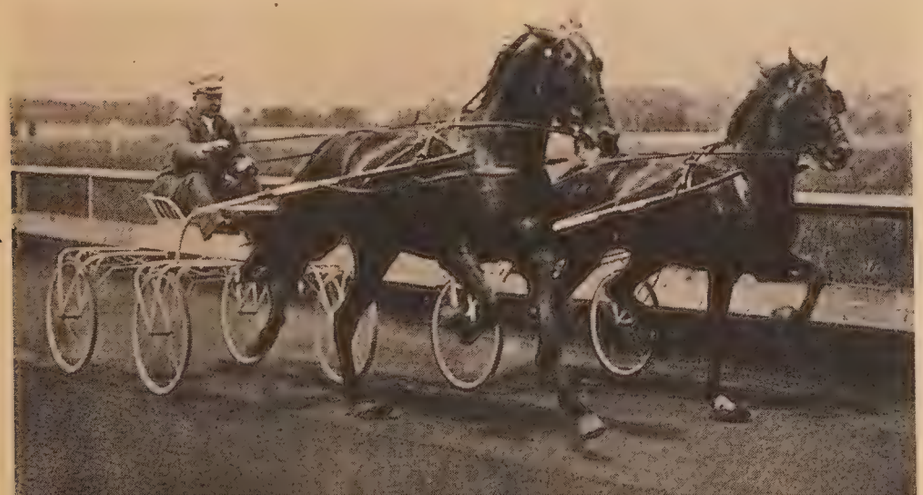
Marion W. Savage was proud of his unbeaten trotter, Dan Patch, and called his gas-electric railway the Dan Patch Line.
Seven photos from collection of author, 2231 E. Old Shakopee Rd., Bloomington, Minn. 5520

The Railroad Named for a Horse

by DENNIS A. JOHNSON

Dan Patch (left), paced by his 28-month old son, Dazzle Patch, covers an eighth of a mile in 13 seconds, at the rate of one mile in 1:44 minutes.



ONE YEAR after the great harness racehorse Dan Patch had set the sensational record of a mile in 115 seconds, his owner, Marion W. Savage, was approached by a fast-talking Easterner named William P. Mason. That was in 1907. The stranger proposed that the owner build a railroad from Minneapolis to his 750-acre horse farm twenty miles south of the city.

Mr. Mason had no money to invest but knew something about railroads. He was aware that the horse-breeder had a keen mind and an uncanny belief in publicity—and for a good reason. Marion Savage was a shrewd advertising man. His International Stockfood Company was highly successful, one of the world's largest mail-order feed enterprises, due to his publicity technique.

The Easterner sought to convince Marion Savage of the proposed railroad's publicity value. Less than five years before, the horse-breeder had paid

Private car of Dan Patch reflects his owner's flair for publicity. Leased from the Chicago & North Western, it rolled over most of the major railroads in the U.S. and Canada. We see it parked on a siding near the bulbous-domed Savage barn, with Mr. Savage seated in the car doorway and the great trotter standing in front of his own portrait.

$60,000 for Dan Patch because he saw the pacer as a potential champion and thus a big asset to his business. The idea was sound. His company's sacks of feed proudly displayed the slogan, "If it's good for Dan Patch it's good for your horse."

Although Marion Savage's knowledge of horseflesh dated back to his childhood days in Ohio, he wasn't versed on running a railroad. But the visitor persisted, saying a railroad would be worth its cost because of its promotional value. People would ride trains to the handsome farm near Hamilton village to see Dan Patch and the other racers. Painted boldly on the bulbous dome of the four-winged horse barn were the words, "The Four Greatest Stallions Ever Owned by One Farm."

At that time Mr. Savage already owned two private railroad cars, one used by himself and his family and the other, a converted baggage car, by Dan Patch. Literally a horse's palace car, the latter was painted spotlessly white with the Savage company's name emblazoned in intricate gold letterings. Four grooms, dressed in starched white uniforms, traveled with Dan's car.

The new line, Mr. Mason insisted, could be advertised as "The Railroad That Dan Patch Rides." But the horse-breeder wasn't the type to be pressured by fast talking. Granted, the railroad would be excellent publicity. But would it be worth the cost?

After studying the proposal for several weeks, he finally became convinced not only of its publicity value but also its potential as a profitable common carrier serving southern Minnesota and northern Iowa—in fact, as far south as Dubuque, where he had founded his stockfood company several years before.

And so he incorporated under the title Minneapolis, St. Paul, Rochester & Dubuque Traction Company—quite a mouthful!—and appointed Bill Mason as vice president. The new line was to haul passengers only but including Dan Patch. Mr. Savage decided in favor of gas-electric cars, which were then the latest thing in interurban equipment. His letterhead boasted "The First Gas-Electric Railroad in the World," with a herald that showed a lightning bolt streaked diagonally across a horseshoe. A great many farm residents in the area to be served by the new venture bought shares in it at $25 each.

CONSTRUCTION began in 1908 on the main line which connected with the south end of the Minneapolis street-car system. From there it headed south and west to the bluffs, where it descended to a two percent grade into the wooded valley. Tracks crossed the Minnesota River on a combination trolley and train bridge and then swung south past the Savage farm, across the Chicago & North Western tracks, and on to the town of Lakeville, where the line connected with the Milwaukee Road.

Mr. Savage never did skimp on quality. Although he anticipated running only gas-electric cars, he installed 90- and 100-pound rail. The combination bridge over the river was designed to permit steamboat passage.

The first pieces of rolling stock were a pair of second-hand Strang gas-electric cars, built in 1906 and 1908, veterans of the then recently electrified Missouri & Kansas Interurban Railway. The larger of the two, the *Irene,* had an all-steel body built by Brill. The car's front was rounded while the rear formed an open-end observation platform. Its luxurious appointments included stained-glass arches over the windows, plush rolled leather seats, and an interior of carved, inlaid, vermillion wood.

Besides carrying forty passengers, the *Irene's* 150-horsepower engine could pull up to three 75-passenger trailing coaches. A set of storage batteries started the engine and provided extra juice for acceleration and grades, since its gas engine was designed only for average cruising. The other car, the *Augerita,* was smaller and less luxurious.

On July 4, 1910, the inaugural run was made from the Minneapolis terminal to Lakeville. All day long both cars carried curious excursionists out to the Savage estate, where they watched the grooming and training of prize stallions and looked with awe at the owner's palatial white mansion that topped a bluff over-

A typical picnic throng arrives at Antlers Park.

looking the farm with a gigantic barn.

On December 1st that year the main line was extended to Northfield, 37 miles south of Minneapolis. (Northfield was still basking in the fame it had achieved for breaking up the Jesse James gang years before.) Savage made a speech on his station platform.

"The completion of this electric line to Northfield," he said, "should prove the opening of a new auspicious era in the city's history. The citizens should act while the time is opportune and advertise Northfield's advantages as they never have been done before. Publicity, backed by faith in the facts presented, is all you need to attract a large number of desirable residents."

Northfield was as far south as the Minneapolis, St. Paul, Rochester & Dubuque line ever got. At the end of the first year's operations, Marion Savage was dissatisfied with the passenger volume. Something had to be done to stimulate business. He had been unable to convince the citizens of Faribault, Minn., to sell him a right-of-way into their city, and as a result he did not have the through-passenger traffic he needed.

BUT another brainstorm was in the making. Near Lakeville he bought several acres of property along Prairie Lake, later renamed Lake Marion in his honor. He converted a large barn into a dance hall and sponsored week-end dances for Minneapolis residents to attend via the Dan Patch Line. Then he added a clubhouse, a bathing beach, an aerial swing, chute-the-chutes, and a midget railway.

Before long a week-end business boomed at Antlers Park, as it was called. Hundreds of residents of the Twin Cities piled into the Dan Patch Line gas-electric cars for an afternoon of fun at the park. By that time the *Augerita* had become too small to handle the crowds efficiently. It was put on a siding to generate electric current for the park.

The number of passengers increased so much that within a year of the Antlers Park opening Marion Savage began buying new gas-electric cars from General Electric. Similar in exterior appearance to the *Irene*, these cars had 175-hp. V8 engines. Their interiors were furnished in rich mahogany, divided into smoking, baggage, and passenger sections, and equipped with plush leather seats. Eventually thirteen such cars went into operation.

In 1913 the horseman introduced important changes. First he bought trackage rights over the Chicago Great Western. This let him run gas-electrics to the large southern Minnesota towns of Faribault and Mankato. Then he inaugurated freight traffic. The Dan Patch Line had acquired a right-of-way that connected with four major railroads, the C&NW, the CGW, the Rock Island, and the Milwaukee. It was a natural "feeder line" for them all.

Two years after that he boosted his passenger and freight potential by adding a 15-mile extension which shot off from the main line on top of the river bluff at what is now called Auto Club Junction. This extension looped around the west side of Minneapolis to Luce Line Junction. There it connected with the Electric Short Line Terminal Company, which in turn had a right-of-way straight to a downtown Minneapolis depot. Besides giving the Dan Patch Line access to the loop, the new extension connected with the Great Northern and Minneapolis & St. Louis.

Determined to stay with gas-electric power, the railroad turned to General Electric for freight locomotives. GE soon delivered the first successful full-sized locomotive embracing the basic functions of the modern diesel-electric.

This new power did just as well as the freight venture, so in 1915, while a World War was raging in Europe, the Dan Patch Line bought three more gas-electric locomotives. Freight hauling also flourished. In that same year, Mr. Savage sacrificed his claim to having the country's only all gas-electric railroad by buying three Mogul steamers from Porter to handle the heavier trains. Squirrel plumes of coal-smoke trailed

Dan Patch, shown with a trainer, was never beaten during his ten years on the track. He made 14 world records.

over and behind some trains of the Minneapolis, St. Paul, Rochester & Duluth Traction Company.

By that time more than 8,500 individuals had invested in the line, and the railroad president was busy with new plans. Then tragedy struck.

On the night of July 11th, 1916, his beloved Dan Patch died in the big barn from accidental overfeeding. The stallion was then twenty years old. Mr. Savage himself had just undergone minor surgery in a Minneapolis hospital. His wife and two sons were at the bedside. Mrs. Savage told him about Dan Patch. The will to live seemed to go right out of the old horse-breeder, and he died shortly afterward.

In Dan Patch's ten years on the racing circuit, that great stallion was never once beaten. So certain was his superiority over all contenders that by the time he was six years old no competition could be found. From 1900 to 1910, when he was retired to stud, Dan Patch set 14 world's records, each time breaking his own previous record. His record of a mile in one minute and 55 seconds, set

600-hp. diesel of the present Minneapolis, Northfield & Southern, old Dan Patch Line.
Photo by Navarro Ross

M. W. Savage and his white-pillared mansion, which stood on the Minnesota River bluffs overlooking his horse farm but was razed in 1951. The horse-breeder was devout, never used liquor or tobacco, and once ran for governor of Minnesota.

at the Minnesota State Fair at St. Paul in 1906, stood for over fifty years. Here are some of the other world records he made on a one-mile track:

One mile, 1905	**1:55¼**
One mile, unpaced, 1905	**1:58**
One mile, to high-wheel sulky, 1903	**2:04**
One mile, to wagon, 1903	**1:57¼**
One half mile, 1903	**0:56**
Two miles on mile track, 1903	**4:17**

He also made two world records over half-mile track, as follows: track: one mile at 2:01 and one mile, to wagon, at 2:05, both in 1905.

THE HORSEMAN'S elder son, Earl, who inherited the railroad, showed neither the interest nor aptitude to operate it, especially now that public interest in the horse farm had petered out as a result of the famous stallion's death. In August, 1918, the line went into a receivership, and the son sold it to the newly-formed Minneapolis, Northfield & Southern.

Since then the company has changed hands once but has not gone into receivership. Today it is one of the healthiest shortlines in the country, with operating revenues over $5 million annually —in Class 1 category. Its route is basically the old well-maintained and scenic right-of-way except that a six-mile extension was added in 1927 to connect with the Soo Line at Crystal.

The gas-electric cars continued to carry passengers until the spring of 1942. Long before that date, week-end crowds had stopped going to Antlers Park or the Savage farm. The MN&S favored steam power. Eventually its roster included 2-6-2's, 2-8-0's, 2-10-0's, and a wartime Decapod built in the U.S. for Russia but never sent there.

In 1940 the MN&S began turning to diesel-electrics with the purchase of a 660-hp. Baldwin switcher. The present roster includes that switcher, also a 1,000-hp. Baldwin, two Fairbanks-Morse switchers of 1,000 and 1,200-hp. respectively, and a Baldwin road switcher of 1,500 hp., five twin-engine Baldwin transfer locomotives of 2,000 hp. each, and one of 2,400 hp.

Thus a gas-electric passenger-only railroad eventually became a dieselized freight-only line.

The MN&S now handles nearly 100,000 cars a year, of which roughly 70 percent is transfer or "overhead" traffic. Despite its successful transfer business, the road also has an Indutsrial Relations department for promoting and locating new industry along its trackage.

But the former Dan Patch Line is not the same. Where the vast Savage farm once stood beside the right-of-way, only brush-covered fields remain. If you study the terrain you can see the outline of the mile-long dirt oval track on which many great racehorses were trained. High up on the grassy bluff among the oak trees is a vacant place where the white-pillared mansion once stood.

Near the Chicago & North Western tracks at Hamilton, now called Savage, is the obscure grave of Dan Patch. Only two persons, both now dead, witnessed the burial. However, an oldtimer living in Savage was shown its location before one of the witnesses died, but he won't reveal the spot. He says he'll tell only the Minnesota Highway Department, providing it agrees to erect a marker there. Three other famous stallions are buried nearby. All four graves are unmarked and grown over with brush. At this writing, they are inundated by floodwater of the Minnesota River.

Further down the line you come upon what is left of Antlers Park—now a ghost town, alone and deserted. The sagging walls and shredded tapestries of its dance hall recall past gaiety. They say that the ghosts of young lovers waltz and fox-trot here by moonlight to the lilt of long-forgotten music. Gone is the siding on which the *Augerita* generated power and on which the private car *Marietta* was once parked. Every few minutes an unsentimental freight train of the Minneapolis, Northfield & Southern whistles past at fifty miles an hour. ●

Photo by Navarro Foss

MN&S train in the Steam Age. The Dan Patch Line began using three Porter-built Moguls to haul freight as early as 1915.

Texas & Pacific passenger trains 5 and 6, each named *The Cannon Ball*, collided head on June 4, 1903, at Jefferson, Texas.
Collection of Gustav Frank 2228 Mistletoe Ave., Fort Worth, Texas 76110

I Remember This Cornfield Meet

by GUSTAV FRANK

I WILL ALWAYS remember the head-on collision, or "cornfield meet," of Texas & Pacific passenger trains 5 and 6, both named *The Cannon Ball*, because I was riding No. 6 that day, June 4, 1903.

Before telling you about it I will mention other *Cannon Balls*. At least three railroads, in addition to the T&P, have operated expresses with that name. Casey Jones was driving the Illinois Central *Cannon Ball* on the rain spattered night of April 30, 1900, when his Ten-wheeler plowed into a freight that had failed to clear a siding in time. *Trains* magazine last May carried the detailed story of that smashup. The author, Robert B. Shaw, is the man who wrote *Down Brakes!*, an excellent book on train wrecks in general.

Although the Wabash is now part of the Norfolk & Western Ry. system, it still operates *The Cannon Ball*. The present diesel-powered streamliner is a far cry from the wooden-bodied coaches and Pullmans pulled by a steam engine that inspired the rollicking old folksong entitled "The Wabash Cannon Ball." Here is the song. Its accuracy is about on a par with the "Casey Jones" song.

We hear the merry jingle,
The rumble and the roar,
As she dashes through the woodland
And comes creeping on the shore.
We hear the engine's whistle
And the merry hobos' call,
As we ride the rods and brakebeams
On the Wabash Cannon Ball.

Now here's to "Long Slim" Perkins,
May his name forever stand;
He'll be honored and respected
By the hobos through the land;
And when his days are ended
And the curtains round him fall
We'll ship him off to Lucifer
By the Wabash Cannon Ball.

This train she runs to Quincy,
Monroe, and Mexico,
She runs to Kansas City,
And she's never running slow.
She runs right into Denver
And makes an awful squall;
When you see her show say, "Welcome,"
For the Wabash Cannon Ball.

Great cities of importance
We reach upon our way,
Chicago and St. Louis,
Rock Island—so they say—
Springfield and Decatur,
Peoria, above all—
We reach them by no other
Than the Wabash Cannon Ball.

Another *Cannon Ball* is operated by the Long Island Rail Road between Long Island City and Montauk. Besides being one of the very few extra-fare trains left in the nation, it is America's only all-parlorcar consist (but only in the summer season) and its passenger list tends to be elite. Freeman Hubbard had an article about it in the Feb. '63 issue of *Railroad Magazine*.

Now we come to the Texas & Pacific. This road today is part of the Missouri Pacific. Back in 1903 it was part of George Gould's railroad empire which included the MP. I was working in a T&P freight office then. Both trains 5 and 6 were running late and, of course, were trying to make up lost time. In those days trains ran on written orders which were delivered to them at various stations as needed.

The wreck occurred on a single-tracked line in Texas. No. 6, northbound, received orders at Longview to meet No. 5, on which I was deadheading with my mother, at Woodlawn, a passing track between Marshall and Jefferson. The same order was delivered to No. 5 in Atlanta.

No. 6 regained so much of its lost time that the dispatcher at Marshall canceled its original order and set up a

new meeting place, Jefferson. When the Jefferson operator received the new order for No. 5 to wait there for the other *Cannon Ball*, he promptly dropped his signal board and No. 5 stopped there. But when the conductor hurried into the office to get a copy of the new order, the operator inadvertently gave him a clearance instead. The skipper rushed out, swung a highball, and away we went for the canceled meet at Woodlawn with No. 6.

As we were leaving the station, the operator realized his mistake. He frantically ran out to stop us, but was too late; so he ordered a local freight engine that was in the yards to follow us with his whistle open in an effort to attract the attention of our crew.

That last hope failed. The two *Cannon Balls* met head-on about two and a half miles south of Jefferson in Big Cypress Valley between two long grades. Each train was heavy and crowded, carrying three or four Pullmans as well as the coaches. Each was exceeding its scheduled speed. When the opposing crews realized what was happening, it was too late to avoid the cornfield meet or even to slow down appreciably.

I was en route from Jefferson to Marshall, riding on a pass with my mother. We were in a chair car. She was thrown forward so violently that her chin caught onto the back of the seat in front and she fell to the floor, sustaining spinal injuries from which she never fully recovered. Because of the crowd, I had taken the only available seat, which was in the smoker. The sudden impact threw me against the toilet-room wall. I bounced back into the aisle, landing on my hands and knees.

The cars of that period illuminated with Pintsch gas from high-pressure cylinders stored under the car floor. Each light fixture in the car ceiling had a half-globe of clear glass about 12 inches in diameter. One globe had fallen to the floor and was shattered. I stumbled over it, with several jagged pieces of glass pointing to my chest, but luckily did not receive any injuries worse than face cuts and cheek-bone bruises. All lights and glass in the doors and all of the dishes in the Pullmans were broken.

As the photograph shows, the locomotive smokeboxes and headlights were telescoped. Later, when wrecking crews cleared up, they planted a "dead man" (long heavy weight) in the track and used a five-line tackle block with ¾-inch wire to yank the engines apart by hitching onto the back of No. 5, but the line parted without accomplishing its purpose.

When a relief engine started to pull the cars of train 5 back to Jefferson the first car, a steel mail car, rolled down the hill like a barrel. All other cars stayed on the rails.

Photo on page 17 shows that the loco of No. 6, at the left was elevated. This happened because the trucks of the first car were shoved underneath, forcing the locomotive upward. That first car was wooden-bodied, loaded with fish and canteloupes for St. Louis, and was sealed, so nobody was inside. Its roof was hurled onto the right-of-way, scattering the contents far and wide. People from Jefferson swarming around with corn sacks, bags, and boxes quickly picked up the food and took it home with them. The tank of No. 6 engine rested on the roof of the second car.

By a rare stroke of luck, nobody died in the wreck, but many passengers and crewmen suffered bruises. Both engine crews jumped to safety. One man landed in a patch of blackberry bushes and was scratched by the briars but was so glad to be alive without serious injury that he took it good naturedly.

The telegraph operator who had made the big mistake remained on the job for the rest of that day, there being plenty of work for him to do, but he did not show up the next day. The locomotive crews in the picture are standing beside their respective engines. You can see me at the far right, in a white shirt. The other folks are sightseers from Jefferson. I do not know of any poem written about the cornfield meet, but here is a poem, called "The Wreck of the Cannon Ball," which refers to some other train:

The Cannon Ball was whistling
On the Wabash-Richmond run;
The brave man at the throttle
Was Harry Covington;
His cheerful fireman on the left
Was Robert Covington.
They did not know this would be
Their last successful run.

"There's nothing like railroading, Bob,
When once you pull the mail.
I mean to run this Cannon Ball,
The fastest I could sail.
I mean to break the record
For steaming up the line
Make Petersburg at 6:15
And Richmond right on time."

He steamed right into Petersburg,
Running right on time,
Switched over to the A. C. L.
For Richmond over the line.
Brave Harry at the throttle of engine 29
Said, "Right on into Richmond
With the Cannon Ball on time."

Next morning the Cannon Ball
Left Richmond right on time,
Brave Harry at the throttle of old 29.
His cheerful fireman on the left
Was shoveling in the coal
When Harry looked in the firebox door,
This burning blaze did roll.

A freight train on the A. C. L.
At Sun Rock on the line
Was backing in the siding
For the Cannon Ball on time.
The brave crew on the Cannon Ball
Never knew the switch was wrong
And crashed into the freight train
On the A. C. L. that morn.

Poor Bob and Harry Covington
Died when the engines crashed,
Threw Bob against the boiler-head
As the tender and boiler crashed,
Threw Harry from his seatbox—
By the boiler he did fall.
He died a daring engineer,
Running the Cannon Ball.

One of the last photos of *The Wabash Cannon Ball* in its steam days, the engine being No. 703. The word *Wabash* is no longer used to describe this train. N&W leased the road October 16, 1964.

INFORMATION BOOTH

Mexican raildog waits for a handout from the engineer, who is eating lunch as Ed Wojtas makes this photo at Ozumba on narrow-gage line between Mexico City, Cuautla, and Puebla. Very few steam engines are operated on this line today.

1 *What is the significance of the three iron rats climbing up the outside of Grand Central Terminal on the newsreel theater marquee at 43rd Street and Lexington Avenue, New York City?*

We often see the big Terminal. It's only a block from our office. The marquee is supported by three iron poles slanted upward and inward, representing hawsers (the thick ropes which moor ships). Each hawser includes a hollow cone-like device, also iron, such as the rat-guard which prevents dockside rodents from walking up the rope to the ship. (Photo an page 39.) This architectural motif recalls the fact that the old Commodore, Cornelius Vanderbilt, began his working life as a mariner and made a fortune in the steamship business before he went into railroading.

2 *Why are passenger cars, unlike freight cars, fastened to their trucks?*

Because of a safety precaution that freight cars don't need. In certain accidents, the violent separation of a passenger car from its trucks would imperil human lives.

3 *Some of my grandfather's old papers include correspondence with the Kansas City, Ft. Scott & Memphis. Is any part of that line operated today?*

Yes all of it is part of the Frisco main line, its bonds having been acquired Aug. 23, 1901, for 99 years. We don't know what will happen in the year 2000.

4 *My husband has just read part 3 of "Race Track," a fiction story by Gilbert A. Lathrop in Sept. '48* Railroad Magazine. *He likes it so much that he wants to read the first two instalments. Where can he get them?*

We have no 1948 issues left. Consult our latest *Switch List* or try Arnold Joseph, 2512 Tratman Ave., New York, N.Y. 10461, a young man who specializes in selling back numbers of *Railroad Magazine;* or Grahame Hardy, Box 622, Carson City, Nevada.

5 *Which was the first railroad in U.S.A. to use a snowplow?*

The Granite Railway of Quincy, Mass., which was used in building Bunker Hill Monument, in about 1826. Two pieces of plank placed before the car to form a point at the center were drawn along the rails by horses. Few efforts were made in that period to keep tracks clear of snow, and traffic was often suspended during winter months.

The first successful snowplow was built in 1836 for the Utica & Schenectady (now part of New York Central). In the 1880's, rotary snowplows weighing as much as 50 tons each were introduced. Several locomotives were sometimes coupled together to drive one of these giants, which hurled heavy masses of snow a distance of 60 feet on each side.

6 *How does one go about collecting railroad timetables?*

Place an item in our *Switch List.* Write to all persons in the *Switch List* who buy, sell, or swap timetables. If you want public timetables, get them in railroad stations and from hotel racks. You can get employes' timetables through the *Switch List* or from friends and acquaintances in engine or train service.

7 *What is so unusual about the geography of Feather River Canyon? Years ago your magazine published several articles on the difficulties of running trains through it, written by Peter Josserand, a Western Pacific chief dispatcher.*

This California canyon is a bit complicated. Actually, it consists of three forks and a branch, with a creek or two thrown in for good measure. WP trains enter it on the Middle Fork in the Sierra Valley about 5 miles east of Portola at milepost 326. They follow this fork for

ASK BARBARA: Railroad questions are answered here by our research expert—as many as space permits. Top priority is given to subjects of general interest. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine,* 205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017. No replies are sent by mail.

about 27 miles and then go through Spring Garden Tunnel into the North Fork country but still many miles from the fork itself.

Trains must traverse a rather high plateau, the American Valley thru which Spanish Creek flows, to a point slightly below Keddie. They roll along the East Branch to just above Belden, where the North Fork comes in from Lake Almanor. Then they follow the North Fork, by way of a series of tunnels, leave the foothills region of the Sacramento Valley 22 miles above and north of Oroville. Twenty miles further on they cross the Feather River, but after leaving Oroville they do not follow any river.

There is no canyon at all in the 18 or so miles between Keddie and the east end of Spring Garden Tunnel. Part of that distance is along Spanish Creek in a sort of canyon atmosphere.

"It all happens rather fast," writes Bill Pennington, WP engineer, P.O. Box 478, Portola, Calif. "Various forks and branches keep the passengers so entranced that many of them feel as if they are riding through one canyon all the way."

The late Peter Josserand described such events as a tunnel fire and the hazards of snowfighting in the canyon.

8 (a) *Why did New York Central abandon its passenger station and elevated line through downtown Syracuse?* (b) *What happened to the green "rider cars" that used to be coupled behind NYC express trains?*

(a) Those facilities were outmoded. The Central needed—and built—a new modern building with all facilities on one level, where regular public buses could serve all trains. New station was opened Aug. 29, 1964; old one has been sold. The State of New York acquired the elevated mainline right-of-way for conversion into a link of Interstate Highway 690.

(b) The rider cars, built 1943, were similar to cabooses but had passenger trucks and no cupolas. They were scrapped because they were found unsuitable for mainline needs.

9 *What happened to the old Boston & Maine train* Flying Yankee?

It's on permanent display at the Edaville Railroad Museum in South Carver, Mass., at the thick end of Cape Cod, not far from Plymouth Rock where the Pilgrims landed in 1620. When Pat McGinnis was B&M president he presented this train to the museum.

10 *A brief history, please, of the Paris & Mt. Pleasant RR. in Texas.*

Incorporated Jan. 13, 1909, the road was opened from Paris to Bogota in 1910 and to Mt. Pleasant in 1913; total 51½ miles, standard gage, equipped with 60-pound rail. It had 3 locomotives, 3 coaches, and 15 other cars. In 1920 it went into receivership and was abandoned in about 1951.

11 *Where can I buy a polkadot cap like some enginemen wear?*

Many hobby shops and department stores carry them. One such place is the J.C. Penny Department store, corner of North Broadway and Workman Street, Los Angeles, Calif., reports R. Hervey Angier, Southern Pacific engineman. "Tell Mr. Hess I sent you," he adds.

12 *Have locomotive whistle signals changed since diesels replaced steam?*

No, they haven't, but the diesel air horn lacks the nostalgic appeal of a steam whistle. Furthermore, passenger cars are built these days in such a way

In the Feather River Canyon: *(above)* two passenger trains pass on a curve. *(right)* Old photo by Peter Josserand shows a Western Pacific work extra pulling out after making water stop.

that whistle signals are fast becoming a "dead language." for travelers.

Soundproofing of the new luxury cars, which deadens the bangs and rattles of rail travel, is making customers less aware that the engineer still "talks" to the train crew and signals to folks along the right-of-way by long and short whistle sounds.

One long blast tells everybody within hearing that the train is approaching a station, junction, or railroad crossing.

The combination of two long, one short and one long toot means the train is nearing a public grade crossing.

Two shorts and one long carry the information that a meeting or waiting point of trains is just ahead.

Three short toots have two meanings. If the train is standing still, it announces that the train will back up. If moving, it means a stop will be made at the next station.

A long blast and two short ones inform the engineer of an approaching train that a second section is following.

Among signals to the train crew is one long blast and three short ones. It tells the flagman to go back and protect the rear end of the train. Three short and one long mean to protect ahead of the train.

As whistle signals become less noticeable the engineer is getting other means of communication. The radio telephone is coming into more general use. It not only permits the engineer to converse with members of the crew, but puts him in verbal touch with other trains and wayside stations. The walkie-talkie also is beginning to be used.

13 *Give a brief history of Wallkill Valley Railroad.*

Incorporated April 26, 1866 with offices at Kingston, N.Y., this shortline ran into debt and was foreclosed June 5, 1877, but was re-chartered about a month later. Then on May 1, 1899, it was leased to the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad and it is now a branch of the Central's West Shore Division.

14 *Where can I get a book of railroad poetry? If none is available what steps could be taken to get one published?*

We do not know of any such book, except the small, old, red-paperbound *Rimes of the Rail,* written by only one man and published by him. We don't remember his name. No general publisher will put out a book of railroad verse at his own expense, because the demand is so slight. Of course, anybody can get a book published if he pays the bill for paper, typesetting, and bookbinding. It's a costly job. America's leading dealer in old railroad books is Owen Davies, 1214 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Maybe he could locate the kind of book you want.

Edaville Museum: ***The Flying Yankee***

15 *What is the difference between a Camelback and a Mother Hubbard type of steam locomotive?*

None. The same type of double-cab engine is called by two different names. The engineer's cab is linked to a camel's hump and to the hood worn by the Mother Goose character who "went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone." For many years some academically-minded railfans have been arguing over which of the two names is correct. Actually, both of them are. But if you mention a "Camel" locomotive you can only be referring to a certain Baltimore & Ohio type designed by Ross Winans.

16 *History, please, of the old Boston & Revere Beach & Lynn. What happened to its steam locomotives?*

In 1872 a group of Massachusetts business men rebelled against the Eastern Railroad, their main commuter link with the Hub City, and formed a company to build a narrow-gage railroad, for passenger service only, between Lynn and East Boston, with ferry connections to downtown Boston. This line became the BRB&L. The laying of rail began May 22, 1875. First three locomotives, the *Orion,* the *Pegasus,* and the *Jupiter,* were built by Mason Machine Works at Taunton, Mass., while Gilbert Bush & Co., Troy, N.Y., turned out seven coaches, two baggage cars, and two open cars.

When the single-tracked road was opened July 28, 1875, Lynn was so flag-bedecked that you might have thought it was July 4th and Flag Day rolled into one. Trains and ferries began making hourly runs at 6 a.m. out of both terminals. Mid-point was Revere. The first day, 1,075 people took the 9.87 rail and ferry trip.

The "Yard-Wide Line," so-called, was well patronized. But the standard-gage

Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn used steam power until 1928, when it was electrified. We see the first electric train, with green and white cars, and an end view of a standard interurban car fitted with slim-gage trucks for operation on owl runs.

Eastern Railroad, which also served East Boston and Lynn, gave the narrow-gage road tough competition. Both lines cut fares sharply. Hostilities ceased in 1890 when the Boston & Maine absorbed the Eastern.

Meanwhile, in 1877, another slim-gage commuter line, the Boston, Winthrop & Port Shirley, was built to connect with the BRB&L at Winthrop Jct. (renamed Orient Heights). This new road, which became the Boston, Winthrop & Shore, was acquired by the BRB&L in 1891. The BRB&L itself was taken over by the Metropolitan Park Commission, its line was double-tracked, and it continued to flourish. One-way fare dropped from 20 cents to a nickel. Soon the narrow-gage was carrying nearly 4 million passengers a year.

In 1907 a new amusement area, Wonderland Park, "the Coney Island of Greater Boston," began adding to the road's revenue. On week-ends and holidays the steam trains ran on 10-minute headway, with 35 engineers at the throttles. Annual number of passengers zoomed to 20 million, an amazing total for a shortline!

Then in 1928 the Eastern Railway Associates, of New York, bought and electrified the line then 34½ miles long. But with the Depression plus highway competition the BRB&L began coasting downhill. Trains and ferries sadly made their last trips Jan. 27, 1940. Harbor boat whistles blew a requiem.

While hundreds of passengers were waiting for the final Winthrop train to pull out, aged Conductor Joseph A. Lewis gave Minnie and Peggy, pet cats of the train crews, their last meal at the railroad's expense. Joe leisurely set their food on the floor while the crew men, with long faces, stood by silently watching. Later, two trainmen took the cats home with them.

On the farewell run, juice fans crowded the trolley cars to the roofs, smashed windows, ripped straw fabric off the seats, and grabbed anything they could pry loose as souvenirs. Two BRB&L cars, minus light bulbs, made their entire runs in darkness. The six policemen who had been assigned to the railroad to prevent vandalism might as well have stayed home.

In its steam days the BRB&L had a total of 26 locomotives: four 0-4-4's, two 4-4-0's, two 2-4-6's, and eighteen 2-4-4's. Two of these were sold to the Nantucket Railroad: first No. 1 (0-4-4) in 1888 and second No. 1 (4-4-0) in 1901. First No. 4 (2-4-0) was leased to the Boston, Winthrop & Port Shirley in 1878. First No. 5 (2-4-2) was sold to Brown Co. in Florida in 1883. All others were scrapped in 1928, except No. 14 (2-4-4), which served for years as a heater and was finally dismantled when she was no longer needed.

Photo by Arthur T. Knowles

Crane removes the famed old highball signal from the Boston & Maine diamond at Bellows Falls, Vt., no longer needed because of modern CTC. The railroaders' word *highball* (meaning "go ahead" or "keep going") came from such equipment. This one, long out of service, may have been the last one used in the country.

17 *Where can I get a large steam-picture railroad calendar?*

Send your name, address, and request to Sy Reich for *The Switch List.*

Running Extra

"Waiting for a Train," poem in our June department, was written by the late Jimmie Rodgers, brakeman and blues yodeler, we learn from Jack Miller, 618 E. 2nd Street, Joplin, Mo.

"Who can supply detailed information on the motive power of the Helena & Northwestern, which was operated in 1949-'51 over the Cotton Plant-Helena portion of the abandoned Missouri & Arkansas Railway?" asks James R. Fair, Jr., 661 W. Polo Drive, Clayton 5, Mo.

Says Gordon Y. Mills, 1159 Loma Sola Ave., Upland, Calif. 91876: "Who remembers a movie made in 1945 or '46 on the old Pacific Electric near Robertson Blvd. in Culver City, Calif.? My father recalls having seen two steam locos, probably 4-4-0's, on the line at that time. I think the movie was centered around San Francisco in 1906, year of the earthquake and fire." (Also the year *Railroad Magazine* was born.)

"I collect railroad books, periodicals, maps, and pictures," writes Rammanlal Vadilal Shah (author of several books), Jain Society, opposite Akhada, Ellisbridge, Ahmedebad 6, India. "Also foreign stamps, coins of all countries, and literature of air and steamship lines. Would appreciate receiving old issues of *Railroad Magazine*."

Our May department mentioned religious services held in railroad cars. A comment on this item comes from the Rev. Kenneth Stokes, Summerdale Community Church, 1700 Farragut Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60640. "Several years ago," he writes, "in a Lenten study program developed by the Rev. Dr. Edwin D. McLane of the First Congretational Church in Chappaqua, N.Y., the rear coach of the 7:05 commuter train on the New York Central was used for religious discussions on Monday mornings prior to Easter. Details may be found in Dr. McLane's book entitled *The 7:05 and the Church Alive* (published in 1963 by Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J., $4.95).

Super-van train. New York Central's freight shippers in New York, New England, and Canada using the railroad's Flexi-Van service to St. Louis now get 24-hour faster delivery to the Southwest. Central's hotshot SV-5, shown beside Hudson River, was the world's first freight train to run at more than a mile a minute.

"Who can tell me the road numbers of all Southern Pacific locomotives ever used as fire engines in the high Sierras?" asks Gordon Y. Mills, 1159 Loma Sola Ave., Upland, Calif. Answer: 2176, 2178, 2181, 2183, 2242, 2247, 2248, 2252, and maybe others.

"Your department does a good job of exchanging needed information," writes Dan McLaughlin, Rte. 1, Rogers City, Mich. "Correcting a printer's error in item 10, May issue: Mason bogie from the Booth, Helca & Torch Lake is stored at Ahmeek, not Ahmeel, Mich. You can ride behind steam on the 15"-gage Pinconning & Blind River near Fairview, Mich. A Shay stands in the city park across from the old GR&I station in Cadillac, Mich., and an East Jordan & Southern loco is on display at East Jordan, Mich., lake front."

"Is there any place not too far from my area where I can buy an operable, standard-gage, steam locomotive?" asks R. W. Templeton, 101 Prospect St., Warren, Pa.

Poem "The Switcher" is wanted by Robert E. Stanton, 538 Sayles St., Oneida, N.Y. 13421. He also wants info. on Pennsylvania switchbacks.

"What railroad was the KMtP&M?" asks George Beater, P.O. Box 3162, Buckhorn Station, Mesa, Ariz. 85201. "I believe it ran in northeastern U.S. about 100 years ago. Also, who owns the open observation car *Iron Mountain?* I saw it recently on the tail of SP train 39, but I saw no lettering on it other than its name."

"Add to lists of old water towers still standing those at Ottawa West and Smiths Falls, both in Ontario, and the one at Breckenridge, Que., all on the Canadian Pacific," reports Bruce Chapman, 38 Gilchrist Ave., Ottawa 3, Ont., Canada. "The Smiths Falls towers is no longer used, but the one at Ottawa West is. Last February the Ottawa city waterworks was losing much water in that vicinity and nobody was paying for it. When they cut into the tower's base they found 220,000,000 gallons went through recently, but the meter had broken down at 22 million gallons!"

"Some time ago Joe Easley pictured the inspection car *John* in his *Along the Iron Pike* and asked for information about it," writes Lt. Robert F. Harding, 40 Beach St., Marblehead, Mass. "That steam-driven coach was owned by John Magee, president of Fall Brook Coal Co., Corning, N.Y., which he helped to organize, and the car was named for him."

Collection of Lt. Robert F. Harding

This self-propelled inspection car was named *John* for its owner, John Magee.

Interesting Railfans No. 32

ADOLF GUTOHRLEIN

Adolf Gutohrlein in the cab of a narrow-gage 2-8-0 at Knott's Berry Farm.

Photo by Carol Tracy

BESIDES being the youngest person we have had in this series so far, Adolf Gutohrlein is the only one born overseas. He first saw the light of day February 16, 1944, in a village of western Germany near the Swiss border less than four months before the D-Day invasion of France by Allied forces under General Eisenhower.

"Luckily," he says, "our town was not important enough to be bombed, and I am too young to remember the war."

One of his grandfathers was a road foreman of engines on the Hungarian State Railways. Among other railroaders in his family tree were two locomotive engineers and a terminal superintendent. Before coming to live in America with his parents in 1954, Adolf often rode steam-powered German trains with old, four-wheeled, and wooden-bodied, open-ended coaches.

"In those days," he recalls, "few of my neighbors could afford to own automobiles, and there were no buses; so we all traveled by train. A favorite sport of school kids in our village was to walk on the overpass above the railroad yard and try to drop small rocks down the engine stacks. I remember, too, how excited I was the first time I ever saw a diesel locomotive. It pulled a special train into town and stayed there two days."

When he was 14 and living in Long Beach, Calif., Adolf worked after school hours on a paper route, part of which paralleled the tracks of the Union Pacific's San Pedro branch. A local freight was usually switching the lumber yard and oil refinery across the street from his route. This, more than anything else, interested the boy in railroads. He'd watch the operations so long that his customers were often late in getting their afternoon papers. Little did he know then that one day, years afterward, he would fire that same local.

The plight of steam locomotives in general first impressed his mind when he saw a dozen or so Southern Pacific engines in various stages of being scrapped in a junk yard a few miles from his home. Another memorable occasion was a visit to the Santa Maria Valley Railroad, a steam operation some 200 miles away, where he spent two days taking pictures with a railfan pal, Dave Thompson.

Thereupon, although he was only 15, Adolf did some research on the SMV, wrote his first manuscript, and brashly sent it to *Railroad Magazine,* which was promptly returned with an encouraging letter. In 1962 that same article, with some revision, appeared in a little fan publication, *The Western Railroader,* edited and published by Francis Guido. Since then, the subject of this sketch has had articles in *Railroad Model Craftsman* and *Model Railroader.* He also had booklets published on Rayonier, Inc. and the Santa Maria Valley Railroad.

For the past six years he has been getting a free copy of each issue of both *Railroad* and *Trains* from a schoolmate after he has finished reading them.

"This," says Adolf, "explains why I don't subscribe to either magazine nor buy it from a news-stand."

It also explains the financial difficulties in which both *Railroad* and *Trains* occasionally find themselves. If a significantly large percentage of their friends were like Adolf Gutohrlein, both magazines would have to fold up. Especially *Railroad,* which gets relatively little revenue from advertising but depends heavily on news-stand sales and subscriptions. Even so, we admire *Interesting Railfans* No. 32 for his frankness.

"I like *Railroad* because it emphasizes steam power," he comments, "and because it gives very little space to overseas railroads."

Adolf has a collection of about 600 rail periodicals, over 100 short railroad histories from various sources, and thousands of photos and slides. After acquiring an automobile at age 16 he made tours to distant points of railroad interest.

"On my first such trip," he says, "I drove into the high Sierras to see a Shay pull trains for the Pickering Lumber line. Then I saw another Shay at work on the Feather River Railway. Darkness came so quickly that I had to stay overnight in Feather Falls, a lumber town which had no hotel or room accommodations. I persuaded the owner of the

D&RGW narrow-gage Mikes 487 and 491 haul Rocky Mt. RR. Club special up Cumbres Pass.
Photo by Adolf Gutohrlein

town's only store to open up and let me buy some milk and rolls. These I ate while sitting alone on the Shay's tender deep in the woods and I stayed there overnight, getting what sleep I could.

"The loneliness increased as I drove further north. In Washington State I spent the best part of a day riding in the cab of another Shay, this one on the J. Neils Lumber Co. Railroad, since abandoned. There I tried my hand at the throttle and the whistle. Pulling the whistle cord slowly, I was surprised to find nothing but hot water coming out of the whistle. After some hearty laughs from the crew, I was told that we had a green fireman who had not been watching his water level properly.

"From there I visited the lumber road of Rayonier Inc., which was then all steam-operated. On my way back home an Oregon highway patrol car stopped me. The state police accused me of having stolen my parents' car and running away from home, but I managed to talk myself out of their clutches."

After graduating from high school in 1962, Adolf hired out to the Union Pacific as a fireman. He kept this job for 2½ years, working full time only during the summer and going to school most of the rest of the time, working on freights between Yermo and Milford, on locals, and switch engines. Then he went to Las Vegas.

"There," he recalls, "while relieving the hoghead for a spell one night, I nearly lost my job. I was shoving about 30 cars into a dark siding I'd never been in before. I got a stop sign, followed by come-ahead signs from three lanterns. So I moved several car-lengths and stopped again, followed by another stop sign and then a washout. It turned out that the first stop sign had me up to the bumper, while the come-aheads were caused by switchmen carelessly swinging their lanterns. I had torn down the bumper and shoved five cars off the end of the track before the washout stopped me suddenly.

"Union Pacific firemen are not allowed to run the engine, but the hoghead and I were saved by the extreme shortage of enginemen in Las Vegas at that time. Later, I was dropped when the full-crew law was voted out in California, and I collected $2,100 in severance pay."

On a railfan jaunt to Colorado with Fred Hust, he rode the narrow-gage lines and met two of the nation's foremost railroad photographers, Otto Perry and Bob Richardson, the later being No. 20 of our *Interesting Railfans*. Later, he met Bob again in Mexico, on another railfan trip.

"Like Bob," Adolf tells us, "I go for shortlines, off-beat train rides, small locomotives, and unusual cars. If any of these can be found on a logging line, so much the better. I am also devoted to steam."

Adolf and his girl friend, Carol Tracy.

No. 32 is one inch under six feet tall, is slim and good-humored. He lives at 4945 Deeboyar Ave., Lakewood, Calif., and in September will be a senior at a state college. For the past year and a half he has been going steady with a charmer named Carol Tracy. They are saving money to get married. Like her fiance, Carol is very fond of surf-boarding but she is not a railfanette.

Adolf is a perfectionist. Says he: "I can find something wrong with almost

Feedwater heater on engine No. 4 of the Santa Maria Valley Railroad in California. Adolf Gutohrlein, who made this shot, often looks for patterns in his picture-taking.

everything. Having many plans constantly under consideration, I have difficulty in concentrating on my studies. I am also fairly stubborn. When I set my mind on an objective, I work until I attain it, no matter what anyone may say. Like Hank Griffiths, No. 30 in your series, I am a non-conformist. Carol and I enjoy watching people make fools of themselves in their attempt to conform to something or other. We have no time for those who cannot think for themselves but act in patterns formed by other folks.

"My chief 'pet peeve' is against a strong central government and what I regard as the national drift toward socialism. Being an individualist, I don't belong to any organization, railfan or otherwise; I don't watch TV, and I never drink or smoke."

His current project is writing a book on railroads in the Mother Lode area of California, for which he has already collected over 600 photos and a raft of information. The book will be largely pictorial, with some written history, but at this writing no publisher has been signed up for it yet.

Last year, with a railfan pal, Adolf Gutohrlein toured the narrow-gage lines of Mexico and Guatemala. In the latter country, he says, "We saw steam engines, mostly built in U.S.; wooden-bodied coaches, spectacular jungle scenery, volcanoes, native Indian vendors, greenish rivers, and trestles, and enjoyed a carefree life without watches or clocks. At night we'd sit on the platform of the last car, listening to the click of wheels in a sleeping jungle world, watching the narrow-gage tracks, faintly illuminated by the moon, disappear behind palm trees and around curves.

"Several thousand miles to the north, our friends were spending their time in a modern world of drive-in movies, rock and roll dancing, automobiles moving bumper-to-bumper on California highways, and overcrowded big cities. We were in a land where these things are unknown."

Judging from Adolf's colorful style of writing and the quality of his photography, we feel sure that his book will find a publisher and be a success.

Grand Central Terminal

THE LIGHT snowfall that began January 4, 1877, just as Commodore Vanderbilt died in his Fifth Avenue mansion, turned into a heavy blizzard. The blizzard made history. It tied up traffic and piled tons of snow on the old man's railroad station little more than a block away. So ponderous was the weight of snow that the immense glass roof which curved over the train-shed fell with a mighty crash onto the eight-wheeled locomotives and wooden-bodied cars standing there.

That station was the original Grand Central Depot, completed about six years before, on the present site of Grand Central Terminal. The great modern structure that stands there today is the most famous railroad station of all time. An estimated two billion, two hundred million travelers have gotten on or off trains in Grand Central!

We are reminded of Henry David Thoreau's salute to a modest little depot in his home town of Concord, Mass., in the 1840's: "Have not men improved somewhat in punctuality since the railroad was invented? Do they not talk and think faster in the depot than they did in the stage-office? There is something electrifying in the former place. I have been astonished at the miracles it wrought . . ."

Countless numbers of passengers on the New York Central and New Haven railroads feel the same way about Grand Central, only more so. Even the nearly half-million persons who use its architecturally beautiful Concourse every day merely as a short-cut to office or subway, or maybe to buy fruit or send a telegram, come under its spell. Just walking through the giant terminal makes you feel important. Its atmosphere begets a hastening of the step, a lifted head, a sense of urgency.

Judging from Thoreau and other early writers, railroad stations have always been this way. People seem to respond to them. And Grand Central tops the

Statue of the old Commodore above the main entrance to Grand Central Terminal.

Old view of Grand Central Terminal, 42nd Street side. For many years the New York Central Building (middle) and the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel (with twin towers) could be seen above its skyline. Those two structures are still standing but (as shown on next page) are now hidden by Pan Am, world's largest commercial office building. The NYC and New Haven trains run under all these buildings.

list. The very fact that it is *still* a passenger terminal is worthy of note, since many stations all over the country are closing down. Some station buildings are being turned into supermarkets, museums, and such. But people who ride trains are very much in evidence at Grand Central. Two busy railroads carry about 140,000 paying passengers to and from GCT every weekday. Most of them are commuters, of course, who work in New York and raise their families and spend their leisure in Suburbia, north of the city.

The average number of daily commuters who use these facilities exceeds 60,000, making a total of 120,000 daily riders. A passenger coming into the city in the morning and returning home at night, each time by train, shows up on the railroad's books as two passengers.

To them Grand Central generally marks the beginning and end of the working day. As the suburbanite's foot touches the station platform he is likely to be thinking about problems of the coming day. And at evening, when he settles down with his newspaper on the train, it is safe to say that home and family are generally uppermost in his mind. Thus, depending upon the direction of the train, the Terminal marks the closing and opening of separate chapters in the commuter's life.

It takes some 320 New York Central and New Haven trains to move these thousands of people into and out of the big city every working day. In the morning from 7:30 to 9:15 a total of 65 trains arrive and 19 depart. At evening, of course, the flow is reversed: 68 trains depart and 16 arrive between 4:30 and 6:15 p.m.

The number of Grand Central commuter trains and commuters has not changed much during the last thirty-five years. However, the total number of trains handled at the Terminal has shown a continuous decline. In 1929 there were 709 trains a day; in 1948, only 495; and now the average is 418. The decline is largely due to the public's abandonment of long-distance rail travel.

The year 1946 was the high point for train travel in this country. Even the Chicago bottleneck was eliminated for cross-country train travelers. In June, 1946, the Central announced that passengers could board California-bound cars in Grand Central and stay on them all the way to the West Coast. Initially five trains a day offered this service from New York. Then, for most travelers, commercial aviation made obsolete the long train ride of two-and-a-half days.

In June, 1946, Grand Central boasted 96 long-distance trains departing and 90 arriving every day. By the end of 1964 there were only 51 departures and 48 arrivals daily. But despite these dwindling numbers, the Terminal served almost 43.4 million passengers in 1964—a respectable figure, even though it falls short of the 1946 all-time high of over 65 million.

It takes a lot of railroad cars and trains to handle all those people. To see just how many, let's examine an average month at Grand Central, September, 1964. In that month 3,496,397 passengers arrived or departed. A total of 68,551 railroad cars were needed to transport those people—34,298 cars coming into the Terminal and 34,253 leaving. These cars were made up into 11,289 trains during the month—5,470 arriving trains and 5,802, departing trains. In addition, there were 494 storage trains moving 4,173 cars to storage tracks. Altogether, 11,872 trains and 72,807 railroad cars moved into and out of the Terminal during September's thirty days.

A lot of employes are needed to serve nearly 3.5 million passengers a month. More than 750 work directly for the Terminal, doing all the chores necessary to keep this mammoth building and its operations running smoothly. Sixteen of them do nothing but answer questions at the two information booths. The job is not easy and the work is continuous. From 12,000 to 20,000 questions are asked every day! In addition to those who work for the Terminal itself, 170 people are involved in selling tickets.

The Terminal, which is only eight stories high, is dwarfed by the surrounding sky-scrapers, especially the giant new Pam Am Building. GCT is 310

feet long, 290 feet wide, and 165 feet high. Below the street level, it is 745 feet long and 550 feet wide. Facing south on 42nd Street, the building sits squarely in the middle of Park Avenue. Automobiles go around it by means of two elevated roadways running from 41st Street to 46th Street. The roadways carry traffic along the east and west sides of Grand Central and Pan Am Building, and *through* the New York General Building.

The Terminal's principal room on the street level is the main waiting room, 205 feet long, 65 feet wide, and 50 feet high. Moving north from it, a ramp leads down into the magnificent Main Concourse. The Concourse is 275 feet long and 120 feet wide. Its perfectly vaulted ceiling is 125 feet above the marble floor. Total Concourse space is 80,000 square feet.

Often, sunlight streaming down through its five high windows on the south side creates a cathedral-like effect. A feeling of indestructible solidity is produced by the huge stone columns, 11 by 11 feet square, which rise the full height of the building. The vaulted ceiling contains a blue and gold mural of the zodiac from October to March. More than 2,500 stars are shown, 60 of which are lighted to illustrate the major constellations.

The famous four-faced Golden Clock above the main information booth, in the Main Concourse, has been in operation since the Terminal opened in February, 1913. It is controlled by the master clock in the chief dispatcher's office, which also controls the Terminal's other 75 public clocks. The present clockmaster, Paul Kugler, has been on the job since 1954.

Lore a-plenty centers around the main information booth. People making appointments say, "Meet me at the Golden Clock." Back in 1929 Tony and Nick Fortunato were victimized by swindlers to whom they gave a certified check for $100,000 as a year's rent, in advance, for the information booth beneath the Golden Clock, their purpose being to turn it into a profitable fruit stand. But when they brought carpenters and lumber into the Concourse to remodel the booth, the hoax was revealed. A long and intensive search by detectives failed to locate the "con artists." The Fortunato brothers never did get back their money.

Directly under the Main Concourse is another arcade of approximately the same size but without the high ceiling. Along its north wall you can count entrances to 17 platform tracks, used primarily for commuter and suburban trains.

The present Terminal resulted from the city's growth and a train wreck. Before Grand Central Depot opened in 1871, the locality was merely a stop on the original short New York & Harlaem Railroad that went down through a tunnel to 26th Street. The Depot's glass roof which caved in shortly after the Commodore's death was, of course, quickly repaired; and just before the turn of the century the building was remodeled extensively and enlarged.

But a really drastic change was in store. On January 8, 1902, an express crashed into a commuter train which stopped for a red signal in the smoke-filled tunnel. Seventeen persons died in that wreck. To prevent similar tragedies, the State Legislature passed a law prohibiting steam locomotives from using the Park Avenue tunnel south of the Harlem River. The law gave the two railroads until 1908 to comply with the new regulation.

So there was no choice: the Terminal's operations had to be electrified. And, because the passenger load was increasing almost every day, Grand Central would have to be redesigned to handle more trains. Already, it was too small and overcrowded.

The Central's chief engineer, William J. Wilgus, faced the problem of how to

Crowds in Main Concourse

Vacation time: fond parents and other adults send the youngsters off to camp.

get more trains into and out of the station without enlarging its area. By this time the land in midtown Manhattan had become prohibitively expensive, and the City was not about to let the Central expand its passenger-train yard.

Tracks would have to be laid out within the restrictions of the present 48 acres owned by the railroad. Wilgus solved the problem with a stroke of genuius. He decided to bring trains into the station on *two* levels. Since all operations were to be electrified, the tracks could be covered over—streets and magnificent buildings could rise right on top of the tracks.

And that's just what happened. After almost a decade of work, during which train operations continued normally, the old Depot was gone and the new Terminal took its place. The new structure and trackage right-of-way were literally hewed out of rock formation. Every day for nearly ten years, more than 400 carloads of rock were taken out. Legend says it cost more to dig out the rock than it did to construct the building itself. Anyway, the whole job cost close to $65 million.

Grand Central's real work goes on below ground level. The upper-level tracks, most of which can be entered from the Main Concourse, lie about 20 feet below the street. The lower-level platforms are 26 feet further down. And there are two deeper levels containing a power station, workrooms, lockers, a mail tunnel, and other necessities.

There are 123 tracks: 66 on the upper level and 57 on the lower. The upper level has 18.8 miles of track, and the lower 14.9, making a total of 33.7 miles in Grand Central and its yard. There are 31 platform tracks on the upper level and 17 on the lower. Of these 48 platform tracks, 11 are loop tracks and 37 are stub end.

At 57th Street, which is a mile north of 42nd, the four main tracks start to fan out east and west, and downward. Three inclines carry four tracks into the depths of the lower-level platforms. At 48th Street, the lower level now has ten running tracks, and the upper-level tracks have multiplied to a total of 26. On both levels, the tracks divide and sub-divide again before they reach 45th Street.

The railroad yard below street-level is an erie place—gloomy caverns, heavy support columns, gleaming rails, and red and yellow signal lights. From Mott Haven Yard, 5.42 miles north of the Terminal, to 62nd Street, a locomotive engineer must not exceed 35 miles an hour. At 62nd, speed restrictions begin to slow the train during its approach to the great Terminal. From 62nd Street to 60th, the train should be running 20 mph; from 60th to 57th, 15 mph; and below 57th, it should not exceed 10 mph. Loop-track speed is 6 miles an hour.

The four tracks from Mott Haven are signaled for either direction. In the morning rush hour three tracks are Terminal-bound and one outbound. And in the evening rush the three tracks are outbound and one inbound.

Traffic between Mott Haven and Grand Central—one of the world's busiest stretches of track—is controlled by four towers. One is at Mott Haven itself. Tower NK at 101st Street handles a full set of crossovers. Tower U at 57th Street controls the routing of trains to both upper and lower levels. And, finally, at 49th Street beneath the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, there is a unique two-story tower. One floor, Tower A, controls train movements on the upper-level

Thousands watch orbital space flight projected by CBS onto giant screen.

Every morning five days a week you see commuters pouring out of the GCT train gates.

The other, Tower B, is for the lower level. Approximately 356 switches and 516 signal lights are controlled by this double-level tower.

Train power of 660 volts, direct current, is delivered by an under-running third rail. The Central purchases AC current from a utility and converts it for train use.

Grand Central Terminal is much more than a railroad station—a place to get on or off a train. You can do just about anything in it. You can see a doctor and get a prescription filled. You can buy a book or get your trousers mended. You can procure a ticket for a major-league ball game or see a movie. You can send flowers to your girl and get her picture developed. You can get your shoes shined or repaired.

Back in 1949, the Terminal was losing considerable money. Plans for tapping the commercial potential of the building were developed in order to reduce the losses. That year public-address system music and advertisements were tried for 13 weeks, but were abandoned after unfavorable publicity. In the late 1950's, an idea was developed to put a bowling alley in the vast upper spaces of the waiting room. This idea also raised strong protests, primarily because many people mistakenly thought the bowling alley was going into the beautiful and much-treasured Main Concourse. It wasn't.

However, while the number of concessionaires is only eleven above what it was in 1948, the Terminal's financial situation is greatly improved today. One of the Terminal's successful commercial ventures is the huge Kodak transparency at the east end of the big Concourse. First shown in April, 1950, it is 18 by 60 feet, the world's largest transparency, and is changed often. Even the most hurried commuter will stop to glance at the newest full-color photo, which usually depicts a seasonal theme.

Unusual activities have always been associated with Grand Central. For example, some artists maintain studios in the upper "attics" of the building. You can order a stained-glass window for your church from one of them or, on the main floor, get your portrait painted.

The Concourse has been the scene of many spectacular gatherings. In 1923 President Harding died and a huge memorial service was held for him there. On February 20, 1962, thousands of people stood in the Concourse watching Col. John Glenn's three-orbital space flight which CBS projected onto a giant screen. On December 31, 1963, another vast throng assembled in the same place for a New Year's Eve charity dance. During that time all train service was operated from other parts of the Terminal, so passengers hurrying to catch the 2:06 a.m. train didn't get caught in a waltz or a twist.

So, while another Manhattan landmark, Pennsylvania Station, is being destroyed, Grand Central Terminal remains. The land adjoining GCT has been transformed in recent years, as one giant office building after another is raised high over Park Avenue. Directly behind the Terminal and connecting with it stands the world's largest commercial office building, Pan Am.

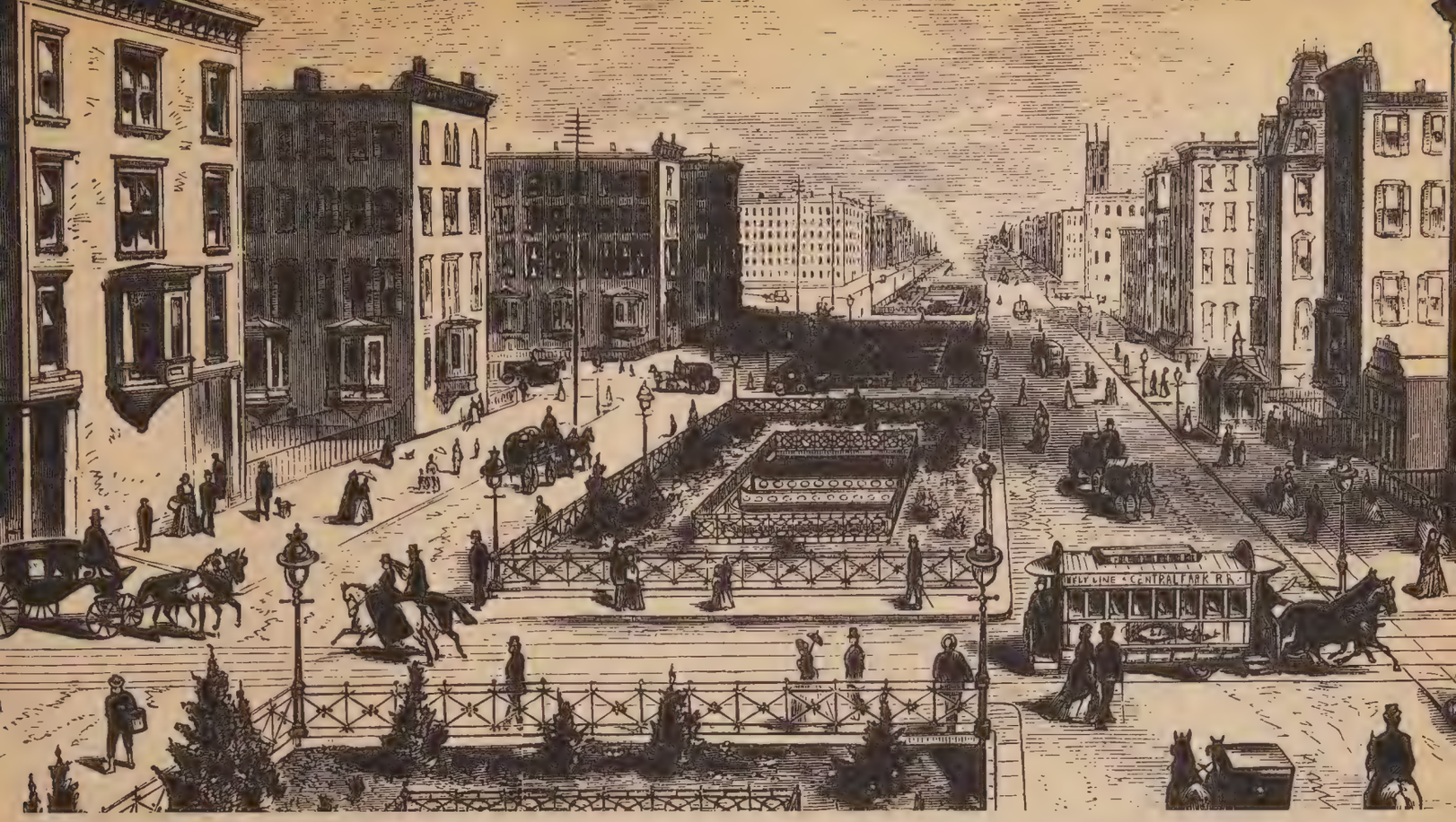
But Grand Central remains. For almost a century now, in one form or another, it has been vital to the life of millions who have passed through it on their way to somewhere else. It is no longer just a train station. It enjoys the dignity of a much beloved and familiar institution.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's greenish bronze likeness that now faces Park Avenue traffic was brought uptown from the old St. John's Park freight station. The Commodore himself erected that station in 1869. Sixty years later the statue was moved to its present location above the main entrance to GCT. It has stood staunchly while the tide of automobiles flowing around it mounted and became a flood.

Over the main entrance to the big Terminal are these words: "To those who with head, heart, and hand toiled in the construction of this monument to the public service, this is inscribed." Grand Central was planned in 1869 as a station to be worthy of New York's then 1,500,000 population. The present station stands today as a tribute to Commodore Vanderbilt's foresight and indomitable spirit. ●

Old Grand Central Depot

The original Grand Central Depot was opened in 1871 for Commodore Vanderbilt's New York Central & Hudson River and New York & Harlem roads, also the New York & New Haven Railroad. This building was razed long ago; so was the Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity (at the left) and the 42nd Street spur of the Third Avenue Elevated (far right). Gone, too, are horse-cars and ladies' long dresses.



New York's Park Avenue (originally called Fourth Avenue) had huge vents to let out smoke from the steam-powered trains to and from Grand Central that ran beneath it. There are no more horse-drawn vehicles on this avenue, all buildings pictured here have been torn down, and the railroad trains are now electrified; but there are still grates in the street for ventilation.

Trainshed of the depot pictured on page 32. It was this trainshed that crashed in under the weight of snow that began falling January 4, 1877, just as the aged Commodore Vanderbilt died in his Fifth Avenue mansion not far from this building.

from
WEST

The *20th Century Limited* pulled out of Grand Central Terminal one September day in 1948, as the Steam Age was waning, and passed the fast freight shown here near Garrison, N.Y. Steam locomotives of the same type used to pull the *20th Century*.

Grand Central has a certain cathedral-like quality, especially when direct rays of sun bathe the Concourse in golden splendor.

Trainman swings electric lantern above his head as a "highball" signal for train to pull out of Grand Central.

Main waiting-room adjoins the great Concourse. Note how high the ceiling is.

Passengers Come and Go

(Left) Main ticket office. (Above) Secondary information booth on the lower level. (At top of this page) Lockers, and passengers going to board a train.

One of the World's Largest Flags

View of the magnificent Concourse in non-rush hours, showing the information booth surmounted by the Golden Clock, also the gigantic Stars and Stripes, high up, and the main ticket windows at the left. Some entrances to trains are at the right.

Supporting the Grand Central marquee at 43rd Street and Lexington Ave. are iron representations of hawsers (and rat-guards) like those which moor ships to their docks: an architectural recognition of Commodore Vanderbilt's successful maritime career before he took up railroading and founded New York Central.

Public address system on western side of Terminal announces many trains and provides paging service.

Sculpture group above the main entrance to GCT shows Mercury, carrier of tidings and god of merchants in ancient Roman mythology.

Painted sky on Concourse ceiling shows the ecliptic and the celestial equator intersecting at the Vernal Equinox, also Orion and the other constellations of the winter Zodiac in reverse order.

RAILROAD

Pictures on these pages show the main information booth and the four-sided Golden Clock on its top. The camera made the large shot on page 40 from the high ceiling directly above the same clock.

"Meet Me at the Golden Clock"

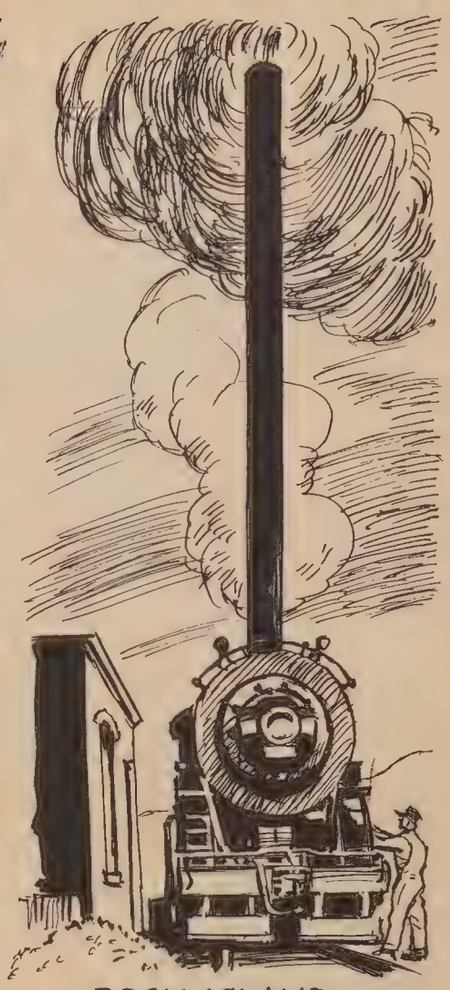
Clockmaster

The many clocks in Grand Central Terminal have been kept in order since 1954 by Paul Kugler. Photograph shows his predecessor, Jake Bechtold. (Below) The world's largest indoor clock, in the main Concourse, dwarfs the famous Golden Clock seen in the foreground, beneath it.

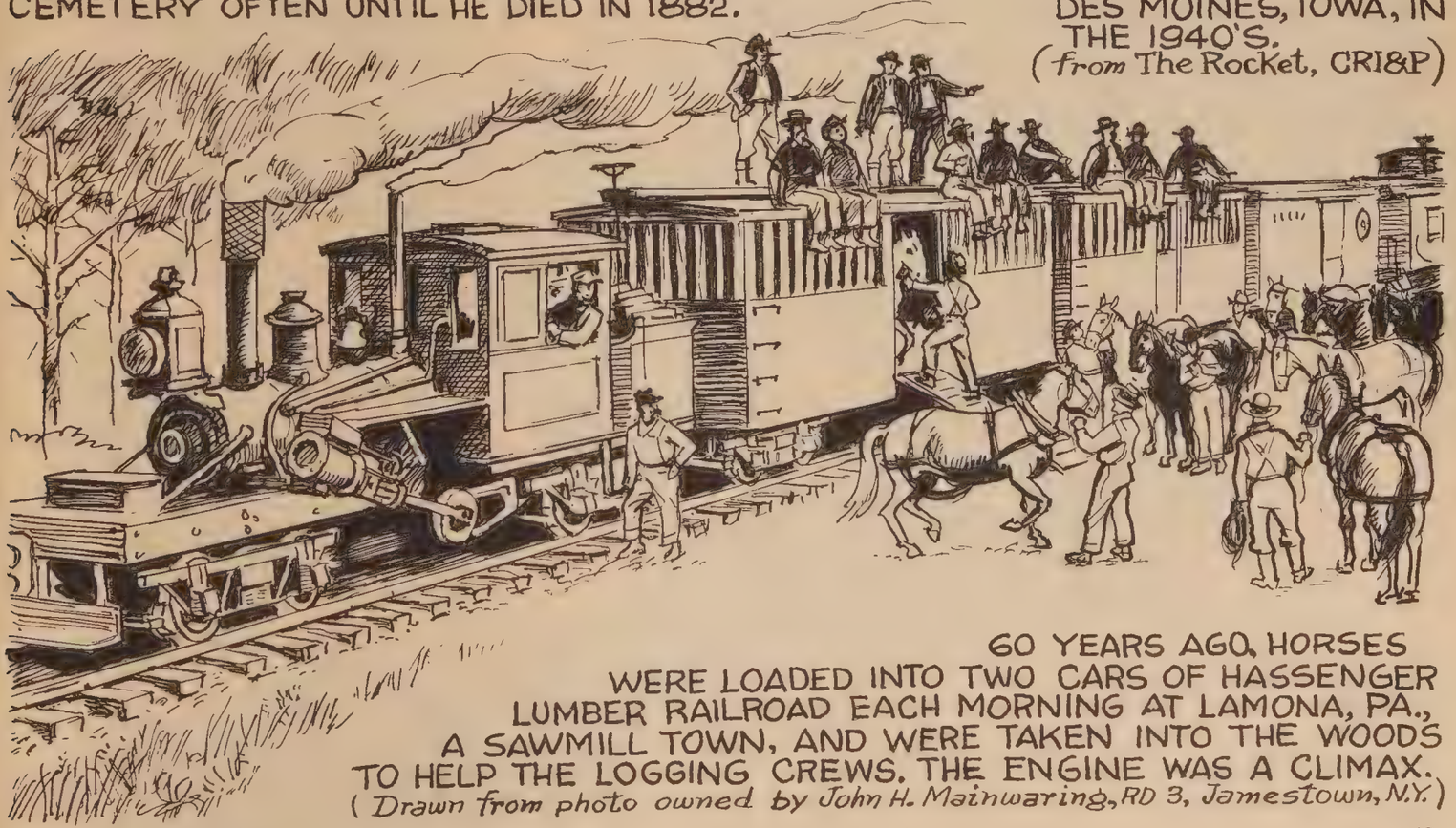
ALONG THE IRON PIKE

by Joe Easley

TOMBSTONE IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY, BROOKLYN, N.Y., SHOWS 6TH AVE. HORSE-CAR THAT CHARLES GRIFFITH BOARDED ON MORNING OF DEC. 17, 1869, THE LAST TIME HE SAW HIS WIFE ALIVE. WHEN HE GOT HOME THAT NIGHT SHE WAS DEAD. GRIEF-STRICKEN HUSBAND HIRED SCULPTOR TO CARVE THIS SCENE IN MARBLE. HE VISITED THE CEMETERY OFTEN UNTIL HE DIED IN 1882.



ROCK ISLAND ENGINE 967, A PACIFIC TYPE. WITH ELONGATED STACK, SUPPLIED STEAM TO A FACTORY IN DES MOINES, IOWA, IN THE 1940'S. (*from* The Rocket, CRI&P)



60 YEARS AGO, HORSES WERE LOADED INTO TWO CARS OF HASSENGER LUMBER RAILROAD EACH MORNING AT LAMONA, PA., A SAWMILL TOWN, AND WERE TAKEN INTO THE WOODS TO HELP THE LOGGING CREWS. THE ENGINE WAS A CLIMAX. (*Drawn from photo owned by John H. Mainwaring, RD 3, Jamestown, N.Y.*)

Part 2

JOE EASLEY

A RAILROAD classic copyrighted
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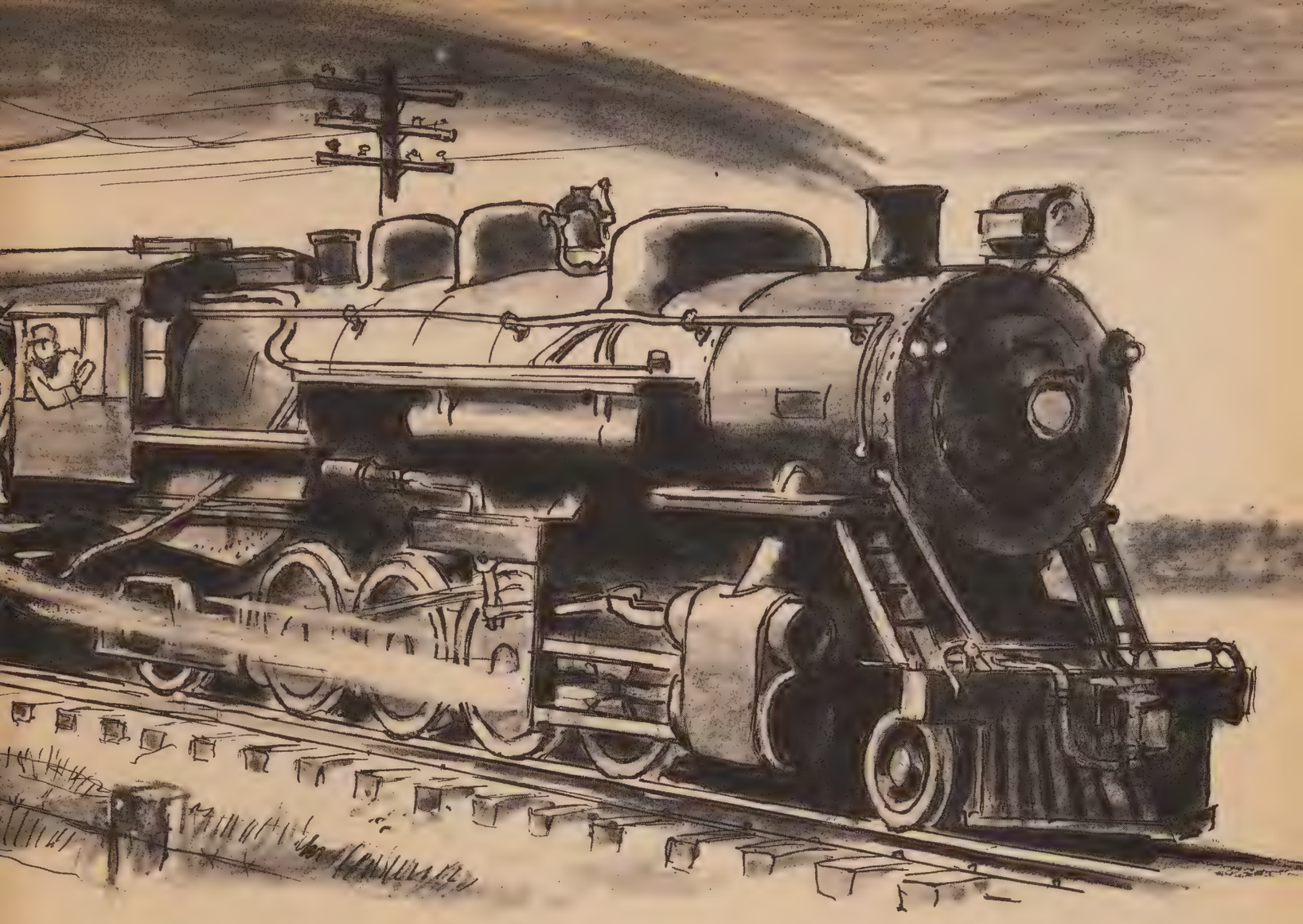

Riders of the Iron Trail

by CHARLES LAYNG

DAVE MORROWS' hands were still clutching the throttle when they dug him out of the wreckage at Callville. Never before had the *Moonbeam*,—train Number 1 on the L&S—been involved in a major accident. Her sleek passenger cars were undamaged; but her engine, the 1819, Dave's special pet, was a steamy mass of wrenched steel.

The old engineer himself suffered nothing worse than a badly twisted ankle and a body blow to his pride. His fireman, Ralph Kinnear, developed severe bruises and a chronic grouch. Both men were taken to the hospital at Leeton, along with a few passengers who had received a jolting.

The news of the collision reached Sommerton some time before it was known that the engine crew wasn't seriously hurt. Dave's white-faced wife and son, Hildreth, hurried to Leeton. They found a silent and morose old man sitting disconsolately in his bed. He dismissed their excitement lightly, told them he'd be home in a few days—as indeed he was.

Nearly forty years a hoghead, with a spotless record, and then this happened to him, and on his seventieth birthday! It hadn't occurred to him before that it was his birthday, for—like most railroaders—birthdays, Sundays, and holidays had long since become just days for him.

Of course, the accident wasn't his fault, but they might try to hang it on him for excessive speeding, although the train had been well under control. He distinctly remembered slackening up some little distance before reaching the passing track switch. As soon as this damned ankle healed up, he'd prove that he could still take the *Moonbeam* to town on time.

One idea bothered him, though. Maybe the gang would think that because of the crash he had lost his nerve. Well, let them! When the *Moonbeam* was behind time again, he'd show them some running.

Then came frightful memories of the moments before he had lapsed into unconsciousness. For the first time in his life Dave Morrows, the best damned hoghead on the division, began to doubt his own ability. Maybe a train wreck did break a fellow's nerve.

For hours he stewed and fretted. Then, since he was eminently sensible, he shrugged his shoulders and rolled over to sleep. He'd be leaving the hospital soon and he wanted to be feeling good when he got back to Sommerton.

DAVE was sitting on his front porch at home, with his bum ankle carefully propped on the porch rail,

when Tom Russell, the small, gray superintendent, came to see him.

"Hello, Dave, how are you?" the super greeted.

"Fine, Tom. Doctor says I'll be okay next week. I expect you'd better see the trainmaster about putting me back on One and Two. How about Friday night? That's just about suit me."

Russell flushed and squirmed. It was no easy job, this business of having to shelve the fastest runner who had ever pulled a throttle out of Sommerton.

Noting his expression, Dave was clutched by an icy fear. The accident investigation had cleared him of responsibility, but he broke into a cold sweat.

"What about Friday, Tom?" he asked calmly.

"No, Dave, I'm sorry."

"Well, when then?"

Tom hesitated. "You know, Dave," he said at last, "they've set up a pension bureau at headquarters."

Dave reeled in his seat. His worst fears were about to be realized. "Yes, I heard," he mumbled. "What of it?"

"The president has just issued telegraphic instructions that all men over seventy be pensioned." Tom's voice faltered. "That means—*you're through!*"

Angry protest welled up in Dave. Then he saw the stricken look on the superintendent's face and he knew that if Tom could have averted this he would have. Grimly he managed a smile.

"Hell, Tom, don't feel so bad about it. I was fixing to retire in a month or two anyway."

Tom looked up in gratified amazement. A lump came to the throat of each of them. They shook hands, and the super went down the hill toward his office, with a stumbling gait unlike his usual jaunty strut.

After Tom had gone, Dave stared into space. Not to run again! He could not realize it. He flexed his hands—they would never hold another throttle! What a way to end a splendid career! After forty years, to crown all his fine driving with a collision—not his fault, to be sure, but still on his record.

Even after his ankle had mended, he avoided the railroad and his old companions as much as possible. Dave imagined he could see in their eyes a great pity for the fearless hoghead who had lost his nerve, and he couldn't stand it.

His eyes showed a terrible hunger for the swiftly moving panorama of the rail, and his hands itched for the firm grip of the throttle. Nights were the worst, for most of his running had been done at night. He slept better in daytime, with the ease of long habit, but when darkness came he was wakeful. Occasionally he'd hear the whistle and roar of the *Moonbeam,* and this would stir old memories deeply.

"That's Ed Cochran pulling her north," he would say, and strain his ears for the sound of the exhaust, long after the train had passed out of hearing. Then, through the night, he'd go along with the *Moonbeam.*

NIGHT after night he sat in his chair on the porch, where he could see the signal lights gleaming in the valley. His wife, Jane, must have heard him talking to himself. The railroad had given back to her the physical presence of her man, but his heart and his soul were still out there on the iron trail.

"Now we're going over the R&M crossing," he muttered. "For once that damn fool dispatcher didn't hold us up here. We've got a good start for Knowlton Hill. Hey, boy, didn't you ever sling coal before? Get that needle up where it belongs. We'll need a lot of steam."

Dave could feel the engine sway beneath him. His eyes searched the valley for the green gleam of a clear board, while his hands moved about in the dark, jiggling this and wiggling that, with swift and precise movements.

He looked for the steam gage. Yes, there it was, just over by the porch rail. Then his gaze would swing over to the top step, where the air gage was, and he would examine that narrowly. He must know about his air when they started down the grade.

Suddenly he'd mumble: "Hey, tallowpot, look at that station order board at Knowlton. It'd be just like them to stop us here on the hill for some damn fool order."

But the mythical dispatcher was always an expert on his job and there were never train orders for the hill—just a string of clear boards, always. Once over Knowlton Hill, the front-porch train would pick up speed, and Dave would watch the flickering, ghostly landmarks sweep by.

They would pass Sylvan and Dwight in grand time and swing into the long curve that leads to the Callville passing track, and there the run of the engineless driver would end. After that, for some time, the old man would stare down into the valley.

Once, on a dream run, he hadn't stopped in time. His train had swung around the curve, and there, just by the bed of struggling pansies at the foot of the porch steps, he had seen a dwarf signal flicker for one horrifying moment. Then the imagined lurch caused him to fall from his chair, and a tremendous fright gripped him—the fear of being afraid.

Thereafter Dave was more careful on his nightly front-porch runs. Never did they pass the beginning of the curve at Callville. Always, as they approached that spot, the old man strained his eyes for landmarks to enable him to stop in time, and always found them.

ALTHOUGH he had been born in Sommerton, where practically every boy was seeped in railroading, Hildreth Morrows knew little or nothing about the iron trail. Jane had seen to that. The iron trail seemed to him an ugly, unsightly thing. On the morning of the duck hunt he first discovered there might be another side to it.

Father and son looked remarkably alike as they set out together in the extremely early morning hours for the blinds, except that the lines in Dave's face, from peering through wind and weather at signal lights, were deeper than those in Hildreth's.

After much persuasion Hildy got his father to go along. As they passed the engine stalls, the boy stopped in amazement. It was still quite dark. Several locomotives were being groomed for their morning runs. Mechanics were climbing to and fro, while the flaming torches in their hands illuminated the sleek sides of the Mikes, Ten-wheelers, and Consolidations and set them aglow.

The big engines seemed panting and eager to be about their business, and the boy felt a strange catch in his throat. Why, locomotives were beautiful! This couldn't be the ugly, sprawling town of Sommerton. This was another world, an exciting world of glistening lights and velvet shadows.

He continued toward the yard office, with eyes alert. The graveyard crew on the switcher were taking things easy. No brass collar had been known to be around at this early hour, before dawn, so the 0-6-0 was standing still while the crew enjoyed a quiet little nap. The engine was purring softly. The two Morrows approached her, closer than Hildy had ever been to a locomotive before. While his father regarded him curiously, the lad ran a hand over her polished side-rods and thrilled to them.

Then he looked down into the yards. The rails gleamed green and red where dwarf signals reflected the dew. The

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engine headlight winked sleepily, illuminating the cars. Hildy glanced at his dad and realized for the first time that there might be some good reason for the old man's love of the railroad.

The two said nothing to each other at the time, but Hildy noted that his father entered into the duck shooting with more enthusiasm than he'd shown for anything since leaving the *Moonbeam*. When they returned home from the hunt they carried bulging bags, and Jane bustled about preparing a dinner of roast duck.

Dave's pension was slender, and his son's education so far had cost a lot of money. Now, more than ever, it seemed essential that the boy should get a job—which in Sommerton meant being a railroader. One day with sinking heart Mrs. Morrows saw Tom Russell coming up the hill. Dave talked to the super alone for a while, and then called Hildreth in.

"Son," he said, "I suppose your ma's told you how we're fixed. The L&S has been fine to me, but I still don't see any way out of it but for you to go to work."

"Yes, Dad, of course," said Hildy. "That's what I've been expecting."

"Good! Mr. Russell has a job for you, firing. You'll get a lucky break, too. It looks like there's a lot of business coming, so you won't have to hang around on the extra board very long."

Hildreth winced. He had tried not to think of the inevitable, but here it was. Still, there was no way out of it—for the present, at least.

"All right," he said. "I'll take that job, Mr. Russell."

"Oh, God!" his mother moaned, but no one noticed her.

"The callboy'll roust you out when we need you, kid," the super said, kindly. "Meanwhile, you might take a lesson or two from your dad in the art of firing. I know from experience that he can beat a lot of sense into a fireman's head. He did it to me once."

IT WASN'T many days before the callboy showed up, and Hildy dressed for his first run, his fumbling fingers having difficulty with the buttons of his father's overalls.

"Come out and let's have a look at you," Dave roared from the porch. The veteran engineer was happy. Hildy, with his father's lunch pail in his hands, went out to the porch.

Dave beamed. "You'll do," he chuckled. "I'm proud of you." He pulled out his watch. "Here, take this, son! It's the best watch on the whole railroad. Tom Russell and some of the trainmasters presented it to me."

Superintendent Russell was at the yard office when the young fellow reported for his first run.

"You're in for a tough jaunt," he greeted. "I see you've drawn Carl Lepps as engineer. You couldn't have done worse. Carl's all right, and a fine fellow, but he has a heavy hand on the throttle and plays hell with a fire. You'll get plenty of shoveling this time."

It wasn't entirely by chance that Hildreth had drawn Carl. None of the firemen liked him, for his coal-eating propensities were well known. When they didn't feel particularly in the mood for hard work, they dodged him.

Young Morrows was excited and not a little afraid. He trembled as he took his place on the deck of the lumbering freight engine, a Consolidation type, and awkwardly picked up the scoop. He had no conception as yet of what a heavy-handed engineer could do to a green fireman. But for all his nervousness, he got a thrill as they started.

At first it was about all he could do to keep his balance. Then the firebox door worried him. It was of the old chain type that demanded skill and timing in its opening and closing. Hildy didn't know the railroad. He'd usually get the door open just before the Consolidation swung around one of the numerous curves. The sway would send the door clanging shut, while his back was turned getting a scoopful of coal from the tender.

Automatic firedoors, automatic stokers, and other such jewelry hadn't come into fashion in those days. You needed a strong back and heaving shoulders.

Carl's constant calls for steam and still more steam occupied all his attention. After half an hour, Hildreth felt he might pass out at any moment, but he shoveled on. Arms, legs, back and shoulders were screaming protests to his brain against the unaccustomed usage.

The world became constricted to include only that mountainous pile of coal behind him and the blazing furnace in front. Each time he opened the firedoor a wave of heat sprang out at him. He had yet to learn how to stand to avoid most of this withering blast.

The down sizzled off his arms. His hands began to blister inside his gloves while his face became hot, drawn, and painful. His left leg seemed to have been fried right through the protecting overalls, and every bend of his knee was agony.

HILDY sprayed himself with water from the hose and took a few hasty gulps from the nozzle. That only made it worse. He felt boiled now, instead of merely scorched. But always the fire needed attention. That great red mouth would open and clamor for fuel. The young tallowpot was impelled to feed it frantically, lest it consume him.

As the cab heaved and swayed, Hildreth staggered about. Once he was flung against the hot metal, but he hardly noticed his burn among all the other burns. Often the door would leap tantalizingly sidewise just as he flung a scoopful of coal at it. The lumps would miss the opening and go bouncing down on the deck, rendering his footing even more insecure.

He fell a time or two, and once he nearly rolled off the deck in a wild grab to keep his scoop from going overboard, but doggedly he kept on, shoveling and shoveling.

Then came an increase in the din and heat. He discovered they were pounding through a tunnel. Since the locomotive stack had a clearance of only a few inches from the tunnel roof, the exhaust struck it with full force, so that smoke and gas from the old Consolidation rebounded into the cab.

Later, Hildreth learned to wet a hunk of waste and hold it to his mouth and nose while passing through the tunnels, but now he merely went on firing, though the smoke and gas set him reeling.

They burst forth into the open and the lad became violently ill. His stomach seemed determined to leave his body, along with its contents. But he continued to shovel, even after the train stopped, as it presently did. The engineer shouted, without effect. Not until he went over and shook Hildreth did the lad heed his command to take on water. The young fireman clambered painfully up the coal pile in the tender to the tank in the rear. He opened the lid of the tank well and with difficulty succeeded in getting the spout over it.

The well filled more quickly than he had expected, so he didn't shut off the flow soon enough. Instead, he stood stiffly, hardly conscious, hanging on to the spout and letting the water rush around his blistered feet.

"Hey, dimwit," roared a passing car inspector from the ground, "what the hell are you trying to do? Drown me?"

Hildy shut off the water and took a few deep breathes before sliding down the coal pile into the inferno again. The guard chain barked his shins.

"Highball?" Carl inquired, after the passenger train for which they were waiting had shrilled by.

Hildreth leaned out shakily and looked back. An arm sticking out from the distant caboose was giving the signal.

"Highball," he croaked in reply, and they were off again.

The shoveling, shoveling, shoveling began again, for they had a heavy train. Superintendent Russell had a bug for tonnage and he loaded his freights with all they could handle.

Almost automatically, Hildreth bent and swayed, swung and pivoted. The blisters on his hands burst and became raw and bleeding sores under his gloves. Perspiration nearly blinded him and his feet seemed completely parboiled now, but still he shoveled on.

Ages followed ages, all taken up with shoveling, except for an occasional pause of a few minutes, with only time to collapse on the seatbox briefly.

As they neared Oakwood, Carl squinted at the needle. "That'll hold her until we get in," he said at last.

Hildreth didn't hear, but went on shoveling until the engineer called to him for the third time.

"You did a nice job, kid," Carl said. "Now get up there on the seat and take it easy. You're all in."

Hildy slumped down on the seat as they pulled into Oakwood yard. Miles and miles of tracks seemed to be stretching out to the horizon on all sides. They swelled and contracted, dancing and leering at him. The railroad was everywhere; he was caught in the web of tracks. At each switch-point he saw a gaping firebox clamoring for coal, more coal, and still more coal.

CARL half led, half carried Hildy over to the crews' bunk room. He had to undress the boy, who had lapsed into a stupor of fatigue intoxication and was beyond helping himself. At last the lad was in bed and off to a deadened sleep.

Some hours later—it seemed to the weary fireman just a few minutes—a grinning callboy shook him into wakefulness and the realization of a thousand aches and pains.

His back seemed to be made of poorly forged iron, and refused to bend as he tried to pull on his socks. His fingers were blistered and swollen. He fumbled with buttons interminably before getting them into buttonholes. Looking about with sleep-laden eyes, he shuddered.

The bunk room was not notable for

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elegance or even comfort. It was constantly occupied, and its unpleasant odor attested to this. Its tenants were principally tobacco users who were careless. The floors, walls and even the cots were stained with yellow juice from tobacco chewers. Cigarette butts were strewn around.

Built in the shadow of the roundhouse, it was dark and muggy with coal smoke, and the murk was increased by smelly pipes. The din was terrific, what with escaping steam outside and the clumping of heavily shod firemen and engineers inside. Hildy wondered how he had slept through such noise.

Two other young firemen, who were also going out on morning runs, invited him to have breakfast with them. No one remained a stranger long in the crew room. All were members of the same clan—the clan of the engine cab. Train crews were rigidly excluded from this smelly sanctum and slept in their cabooses.

Hildy limped over to the lunchroom with his two new buddies, where the scalding liquid that passed for coffee was dished out by a long, skinny mountain girl. The coffee revived him somewhat, so did a big order of ham and eggs, fortified by a slab of apple pie.

"Who yuh firin' for today?" asked one companion as they left the hash house.

"The board says Amos Boyd," Hildreth replied. "What kind of engineer is he?"

"The best in the business, since yuhr old man stopped runnin'. Yuh'll notice a big difference."

Boyd was a younger man than Carl Lepps. He was sauntering about his locomotive, oilcan in hand, when Hildreth showed up.

"Glad to meet you," he said. "I fired for your father many a time."

Hildy liked him at once, and they joked over their preparations. Hardly had Amos clambered up to his seat at the throttle than he began to sing *Casey Jones* in a most untuneful voice. His rendition was so terrible that Hildreth looked over in amusement.

"You'll get used to it," the engineer grinned. "I always sing when I'm running."

No sooner were they on their way than Hildy observed that for all of Carl Lepps' greater experience, the other man knew his job more thoroughly. Amos found time to correct the youth's painful efforts at firing. Hardly had the train pulled out of the yards than he let the engine shift for herself, went over to the left side, and looked into the firebox.

"Here, kid," he said genially, "you're doing everything backwards. Gimme that scoop and let me show you."

Despite Hildreth's fears of a momentarily imminent collision, he could not but admire Amos's technique with the scoop. The engineer used it dextrously as a balance, at the same time sending the coal into the firebox in a swirl, so that it spread evenly to the farthest corners.

All the time he swayed easily with every sudden jerk of the cab, always in the right direction.

"Keep your fire even and don't be afraid to use your grate bar, and you'll get somewhere," he said. "You were piling most of your coal in one place. You'd have to dump a whole tenderful in at once to keep up steam that way. See how I turn my wrists over to spray the coal to one side or the other. You gotta do that if you want an even fire."

"There seems to be more to firing than just a strong back," Hildy said.

"You're damned right there is. Here, take the scoop and let's see what you've learned."

HILDRETH tried to follow instructions but only fumbled. The engineer watched him amusedly.

"Oh, hell!" he said at last. "Let me build you a real fire. You're improving a little, but you've got a long way to go. Get up in my seat and watch the signals while I do it."

"But—" Hildreth began.

"You can tell green from red, can't you?"

"Sure, but—"

"So long as you're not color blind, get up there and pretend you're a hoghead for a coupla miles. You'll get a kick out of it."

The youth climbed into the engineer's seat and peered out the window. Behind him a long string of freight cars weaved and bobbed, as though determined to leave the track at the first opportunity. Hildreth was horrified to observe a brakeman nonchalantly riding them high and jumping from one car to another.

Suddenly the lad hollered at the engineer: "There's a yellow flag stuck in the embankment up ahead. What does that mean?"

"Slow order—men working on the track," Amos called back, without looking up from the scoop.

"What must I do?"

"Slow her down and blow the whistle

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to give the trackmen a chance to get in the clear. Pull the throttle over a couple notches."

Hildreth touched the throttle gingerly. It took him a little time to find out how to release it from the notch on the quadrant it was occupying, but finally it moved, and he pulled it back. The train slowed as they approached the men. Hildreth imagined they were looking up at him with a sort of awe as at a superior being, and perhaps they were. An overwhelming sense of responsibility assailed him. Why, he was actually driving a train!

"All right," Amos yelled presently. "Open her up again."

Hildy shoved the throttle into its original position and they picked up speed. He looked ahead, then back, in a slightly dazed fashion.

A hay wagon, with three husky girls crowning the top of its load, came into view on the adjacent road. He grasped the throttle in what he believed to be the approved manner and leaned far out, to peer ahead importantly. He could have seen just as well through the front cab window, for it was a bright, clear day, but it would not have been nearly so impressive. The girls waved. He gave them a patronizing smile.

"All right, handsome," Amost shouted in his ear. "Stop heartbreaking and begin shoveling. You've got a decent fire. Keep it that way."

Hildreth had reason to thank Amos for his assistance before they got to Sommerton. Although the strain was nothing like it had been the day before, he was weary, stiff and sore when, at length, they pulled into Sommerton.

This time he had enough energy left to hop nimbly down from the cab. He came up the hill whistling, and burst in upon his father.

"Damned if you don't look like a rail now!" Dave said in admiration. "Dirt on your nose and everywhere else. How'd it go?"

"All right, Dad. Say, how long does it take to get to be a hoghead?"

The old man smiled happily.

"Kid, I had my doubts about you. I though your ma had maybe spoiled you. But you're a railroader all right; you've got the stuff in you."

BUT as the months went by Hildy found the eternal shoveling irksome. They called him one day to fire the fast southbound manifest. This was a run that taxed a fireman. Next to the *Moonbeam,* it was the apple of the superintendent's eye. Hildy observed with delight that Amos Boyd was to be his engineer.

"Boy," said Amos, as they climbed into the cab, "you'll have to fire as you never fired before. I'm going to show the Old Man something or go off in the ditch. Keep that needle up there where she belongs."

Then he frowned, for the road foreman of engines also was clambering into the cab. Although it was well within the scope of Bill Cummings' duty to ride freight trains, he seldom did, except when it was very important. Bill preferred the passenger runs with dining cars as more suitable for a man of his gigantic bulk and large appetite.

"Better let me take her to Oakwood, Amos," he said pompously. "You're still kinda green, and Tom Russell would tear my hide off if we're late."

Amos chuckled. "Listen to that now! These old hogheads never give a new man credit for knowing anything. Why, I could run rings around you any day. Of course, Bill, you're the boss. But there's no use in your doing any work. Supposing you take a nice nap over there on Hildreth's seatbox. He won't be using it this run anyway."

With a sigh of relief, Bill lifted his huge form into the fireman's seat, but he didn't sleep. The man who could have slept in that cab that day simply hasn't been born. It took all Bill's efforts merely to hang on, once Amos opened her up, while a crude rendition of an ancient song filled the cab with discord. Amos was running like the devil. That made him happy.

"Hey, wild man," Bill roared, "the speed limit is forty miles an hour for freights!"

"Speed limit, hell!" Amos yelled in reply. "Just pin back your ears, big boy, and I'll show you some *real* running!"

Hildreth had difficulty in keeping his feet. Nonetheless, he shoveled and shoveled, swinging his scoop in time to the rapid beat of Amos's song.

A succession of clear boards facilitated their progress. Somewhere in a cubby-hole a dispatcher was chewing his pipe stem nervously. Figures on the trainsheet indicated that the redball would be on time—unless. . .

The freight passed Kimberley, and both Amos in the cab and the dispatcher in the cubby-hole rejoiced, for now there was nothing to impede their progress all the way to Oakwood.

A SWITCHMAN in the Oakwood yards was hurrying to finish his trick and go home. He was a good switchman but was tired and out of sorts. The new baby at his house, his ninth, had kept him awake for the better part of three nights now, and he was sleepy.

Quitting time came at last, and he started gratefully homeward. Arrived there, a disturbing thought invaded his brain. Had he set the brakes on that cut of cars on track 5? For the life of him, he couldn't remember, and the howls of his infant were no aid to his memory. Oh, well, he must have; he always did. Besides, track 5 was a mile away.

On track 5 a string of boxcars stood inanimate. Then, slowly, they started rolling down the slight grade. There was a faint jingling of couplers as they inched along toward the main line!

Around the curve came a thundering and a roar. It was the redball heading into town at the end of a beautiful run. Amos Boyd was wasting no time about it. The first of the string of boxcars paid no attention, merely poking its nose out at the point where it had stopped, perilously close to the track that the redball was using.

Bill Cummings and the engineer saw the cars at about the same time. The first Hildreth knew of anything wrong was when he heard an agonized screech from Bill, "Unload!"

He knew the meaning of that cry, but he hesitated momentarily on the edge of the deck. The ground seemed at least 400 feet beneath him; and, boy, how it was flying by!

He took a hasty glance behind. Amos was tugging frantically at the throttle and the air valve. In a flash he noticed that the engineer's lips were moving, and thought he heard a mad note or two of the *Casey Jones* song.

All this took Hildreth but a split second, but even that was too long for the road foreman. Bill wanted out. He lurched into Hildreth's back, while both of them hurtled out into space.

The boy landed on his feet, but the ground flew up and hit him hard, crumpling his outstretched arm and walloping his face. He rolled over and over, the cinders of the right-of-way grinding into his flesh.

There was a splintering, tearing sound, as of a giant ripping immense strips of paper. At an odd angle in his rolling, Hildy saw the big freight engine tremble. He feared she would fall over and crush him, but she merely shook herself and held to the main line. Deep scratches on the right hand side of the cab were her only injury.

Dazedly then, the lad tried to put his

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right hand to his head but found his arm wouldn't work. A few yards away, fat Bill Cummings was staggering to his feet. He looked ridiculous; most of his pants were torn off.

Bill ambled over sheepishly. "Hurt, kid?" he asked.

Hildreth stood up, and he yelled. His arm was very painful.

"Busted arm, eh? Well, kid, you're lucky, and I'm luckier still. After the nose dive we took, we got off easy, although I won't be able to sit down for a month."

Amos had stopped the redball, of course, as soon as he could. When they got Hildreth into the caboose, he pulled out at once for the mile or two run into the main yard. The engineer was a bit white around the gills—for another inch or two would have made mincemeat out of him—but had a cheery word of sympathy for his fireman as they went to the company doctor.

"Yes, the arm is broken," the doc said, "but it's a nice clean break, and will heal like new in a month or so."

HILDY went back on a passenger train to Sommerton, where a haggard and disheveled mother met him at the station. To his intense embarrassment, she threw her arms around him and sobbed hysterically. But as they were walking up the hill, she became quieter and even smiled and spoke confidently.

"You're going to quit the railroad."

Hildy let her continue.

"Your Uncle Randy, who's in the hardware business at Fallton, is opening a store in Sommerton and he wants you to be his manager."

"Sounds good," he muttered.

The boy did not react as joyfully as his mother had hoped. Jane thought she was going to have two patients on her hands when she told Dave about the new job. The grizzled hoghead reeled as though he had been struck.

"Is that right, Hildy? Do you really want to quit railroading?"

"Yes," the boy responded, avoiding his father's eyes.

The old man said no more. In fact, during the weeks that followed, while Hildreth's arm was knitting, he hardly spoke at all. "Yellow!" he mumbled to himself.

Hildy did not notify the L&S that he was quitting. Somehow or other he couldn't quite make up his mind to do it, when he saw the dumb pleading in his father's eyes. But at length his arm was quite well and the time was approaching for him to take over a new job. So, avoiding the old man's anguished look, he started down the hill.

Although neither had said a word, Dave knew what he was going to do—knew that, after all these years, the Morrows dynasty on the L&S was about to be broken.

Ralph Kinnear, Dave's former fireman, met Hildreth as he was going through the shop grounds. Ralph was an engineer himself now, and the change had gone to his head.

"Hello," he called out, "I hear you've turned yellow an' haven't got the guts to fire any more."

Hildy flushed, but made no reply.

"Well," continued Ralph, "I expected you'd show a yellow streak soon. I never did understand how your old man hung on so long before it showed up in him."

"What's that?" Hildy demanded.

"I said your old man is yellow."

Without a word Hildreth took off his coat. Ralph, who had hardly expected this, looked him over coolly. The kid was husky all right, but so was Ralph. What he didn't count on was Hildreth's cold fury.

The kid wasted no time, but rushed for Ralph, who countered the wild onslaught with a vicious swing. Had he been quicker, the scrap might have ended there, but Hildreth had time to dodge. Even as it was, the blow landed on his cheekbone with a crunching power that sent him reeling.

Ralph tried to follow up his advantage at once—a wrong move, as it turned out. In his eagerness, he failed to observe the muddy footing, and went down with a thud, just as an audience began to gather. Word was going around that there was a scrap. The Irish shopmen turned out *en masse*.

As soon as Ralph fell, Hildreth flung himself upon him, and the sudden thudding avalanche of bone and muscle sent a startled *whoof* from the engineer's violently deflated lungs.

Ralph writhed and twisted in Hildreth's hold. At length, by sheer strength and agility, he squirmed away and was on his feet again. One foot shot out in a vicious kick. Hildreth grabbed the foot with both hands and gave it a powerful twist that sent his foe hurtling to the ground again.

The big fireman started forward. Then, seeing that the other fellow did not rise, he stood over Ralph a minute or two before pushing his way through the admiring crowd. He headed for the crew washroom, there to cleanse his

wounds and make a vain attempt to look presentable.

After an hour or two he came up the hill, much the worse for wear. Dave was on the porch and betrayed no surprise at his son's appearance. He had been forewarned by Lou Cartney, who had seen and heard everything and rushed up to tell him about it.

"Well, son," he asked, "did you tell them that you were quitting the railroad?"

"No, Dad," Hildy growled, "not exactly, but I'm going to."

ALTHOUGH it was nearly midnight, Tom Russell sat in his huge chair at a battered desk. The superintendent was thinking deeply, and his thoughts were not pleasant.

A few months back, the owners of several other railroads had bought out the L&S. From their offices in New York they pulled the strings, and unheard-of business began to shower upon the Sommerton Division just as the coal was moving in its usual seasonal flood. Fleets of high-class trains and long freight drags began to clutter up the iron trail.

There had been no advance notice, no chance to prepare. Tom tied into it, as he had tied into many another emergency. Sleep became a thing to be caught on the fly, a bit at a time.

Under shrewd and competent hands, a division may be, and often is, operated far beyond its normal capacity. But if the furious pace is maintained long enough, the well-oiled machinery of operation shows signs of wear, the man-power peters out, and the railroad becomes sluggish.

Fiercely, and with every ounce of his brain and body, Tom fought the impending letdown. Plans were under way for double-tracking, for lengthening the passing tracks, and for buying more engines. What they needed most were more big Mallets. All this would take months, and, in the meantime—what of the division?

Already he foresaw a dread embargo that would go over the wires.

"Hell, man," his supervisors had said, "the railroad's crammed tight now with cars from one end of it to the other. There just won't any more cars go on it. It ain't possible."

Perhaps it wasn't, but Tom had done it. The world was made up of an unending string of dull red cars that waited their turn to descend upon him from every sidetrack. Another week like this and there might be a streak of daylight ahead, if he could only hang on, for the coal season would soon taper off.

Then came the telegram. A trainload of silk, it appeared, would be delivered at the southern terminal in a few hours. The Traffic Department had promised to have this trainload given especially fast movement from the seaport to the eastern market. The schedule called for running over the Sommerton Division two hours faster than the *Moonbeam's* schedule—and that was tight enough, Lord knows.

A simple matter, apparently, in the eyes of the Traffic Department, to send such a train flying over a division that was already crowded to the brim with freight!

The super glared at the telegram, reading it over and over, hopelessly. For perhaps an hour he sat there trying to concentrate, trying to find some way out. He had no locomotives capable of hauling the train at the required speed. Worse still, he hadn't a single engineer available who could be counted upon to make the run, with the railroad in its present shape.

Wait a minute, the 2691 was going south with a passenger train, and Amos Boyd was on her. She was the only engine not urgently in need of shopping, although her condition wasn't anything to brag about.

Tom rushed upstairs to the dispatcher's office. The chief informed him sadly that the 2691 wouldn't do. Neither would Amos Boyd. The locomotive was not in the best of shape, and the man would have been out on the road considerably longer than the law allowed, unless he made a phenomenal run back to Sommerton.

Tom was staggered, but only for a moment. He straightened up with a jerk.

"By golly!" he said aloud. "It might be done."

The chief dispatcher brightened as he saw the superintendent's changed air. They had a lot of faith in Tom on the Sommerton Division.

"Think of something?" he asked.

"Maybe. Who's handling the sheet for the second district tonight?"

"Earl Marsh."

"Good! Tell him to make the best tentative line-up he knows how for that silk train north of here."

A MOMENT later, in the adjacent office, Earl Marsh wearily pushed back his cracked green eye-shade and rubbed his forehead. The fig-

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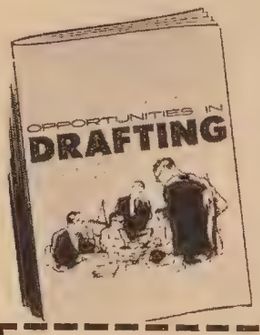

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ures on the trainsheet before him were alternately dancing and swimming. He tried to shut out the clattering of telegraph instruments. Unfortunately, all of the other dispatchers knew the trick of intensifying the incoming sound by inserting empty tobacco tins as sound boards.

The chief dispatcher burst in on him. "Russell wants you to make a line-up for that silk train north of here. Need any help?"

"No, sir, I can manage."

This was a bombshell! Even in normal periods, a silk train was a dispatching nightmare, but tonight . . .

Earl yanked down his eye-shade and flung one leg across the arm of his chair. He darted a pencil rapidly here and there across the trainsheet. His forehead wrinkled as he studied.

At last he figured a meeting point for the silk train and Number 2 that would hardly delay the lordly *Moonbeam* at all. His hand was not still for a moment, as the re-arrangement of the entire picture of the railroad for that night took place under his deft touch.

Everything had to be torn apart and put together again, to find a few precious minutes here and there for the passage of the silk train. His earlier plans, wrenched from a tortured brain, had to be knocked into a cocked hat and remade. Train order followed train order, and gradually some order formed from chaos.

As the chief came over, Earl outlined the situation. "Now, all we have to do is to get an engineer and a locomotive to make this schedule," he said, "and it'll take some running."

"Yeah," the chief agreed, "and we need a damned good fireman, too."

The chief got the superintendent on the phone and Tom Russell came up at once. He listened while the two dispatchers explained. Then he slapped Earl on the back approvingly.

"Kid, that's a splendid job of dispatching! If we can only hold to it—"

"Do you know a hoghead who can make that run?" the chief cut in.

"Yep, *Dave Morrows!*"

"Dave Morrows," the chief repeated. "You must be kidding."

"I was never more serious."

"But Dave's been on the pension list for a couple of years, and besides, I've heard that his nerve's broken."

"Listen, Sam. Dave's old and he has been off the road for a while, but I know that hoghead, and his nerve is all there. Anyway, it's our only chance."

(*Continued next month.*)

PACIFIC GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY

Locomotive roster compiled by Sy Reich

Road Numbers	HP	Builder	Builder's Model	Wheel Arngt.	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Notes
551	550	GE	65-ton	B-B	32,250	130,000	1948	1
552-557	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,300	139,000	1949	2
561-566	1600	MCGE	RS-10	B-B	41,600	249,700	1951	
567-568	1600	MCGE	RS-10	B-B	41,550	249,400	1952	
569-571	1600	MCGE	RS-10	B-B	59,550	238,200	1953	
572-575	1600	MLW	RS-10	B-B	60,883	243,530	1954	3
576-578	1600	MLW	RS-10	B-B	60,918	243,670	1955	
579-581	1600	MLW	RS-10	B-B	60,120	240,480	1956	
582-586	1600	MLW	RS-10	B-B	59,900	239,600	1956	
601-602	1800	MLW	RS-18	B-B	60,212	240,850	1957	4
603-604	1800	MLW	RS-18	B-B	59,057	236,230	1958	4
605	1800	MLW	RS-18	B-B	59,768	239,070	1960	4
606	1800	MLW	RS-18	B-B	59,781	239,125	1960	4
607	1800	MLW	RS-18	B-B	59,715	238,860	1960	4
608	1800	MLW	RS-18	B-B	59,746	238,085	1960	4
609-613	1800	MLW	RS-18	B-B	59,632	238,530	1962	4
614-618	1800	MLW	DL-721B	B-B	60,000	240,000	1964	
619-626	1800	MLW	DL-721B	B-B	?	?	1965	
624 (1st)	2400	MLW	RSD-17	C-C	84,750	339,000	1957	5
1001-1003	1000	MLW	S-13	B-B	68,817	229,390	1959	

Roster is based on data from PGE, MLW, Andrew Merrilees, Ltd., and Dosco Industries Ltd. and is accurate as of March, 1965. Locomotive builders: GE, General Electric; MLW, Montreal Locomotive works; MCGE, Montreal Locomotive Works-Canadian General Electric.

(1) No. 551 sold to MacMillan & Bloedel, renumbered 1012 (2nd).

(2) No. 552 scrapped. No. 553 sold in 1960 to the Sydney & Louisburg, renumbered 60. Inherited by Cumberland Railway, not renumbered. Nos. 554, 556, and 557 sold to Andrew Merrilees Ltd., where they are being overhauled for resale. No. 555 sold to Marathon Paper Co. in 1964.

(3) No. 572 scrapped. (4) No. 601-613 ex 587-599.

(5) No. 624 was originally MLW demonstrator 7007, then Canadian National 3899, then PGE 624 (1st), and finally Canadian Pacific 8921.

Coming Events

In writing for more info. or tickets we suggest you include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Note to Railfan Clubs: Send us an advance notice of trips as early as possible.

July 4: Burlington to Proctor, behind steam on Vermont Ry., coaches and gondola; visit Proctor Marble Museum. Lv. Burlington 1 p.m., return by 7 p.m.; $5.50 (kids $2.25), NRHS. Write John Gardner, 294 Swift St., South Burlington, Vt.

July 9-22: Lv. Los Angeles late evening; visit copper mines at Butte, Glacier Nat'l Park, then into Canada: Calgary, Banff, Lake Louise, Jasper, Vancouver, plane or train back to LA. $595, all-expense tour, $50 deposit. Write Golden West Rail Tours, 2210 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90064.

July 11: Bangor & Aroostock, lv. North Maine Jct. (near Bangor) 9:30 a.m., 4 gondolas, 3 cabooses, rare BL-2 class diesel, 30 miles along scenic Penobscot Bay to Searsport, sea food dinner available. Write Downeast RR. Club (Railroad Enthusiasts Div.), Box 196, Brunswick, Me. 04011.

July 11: Trolley trip, Boston, Mass., MBTA lines, 6 hours, photo stops, $5; reservations by July 5. Write NRHS, Gerhard Salomon, 530 Cleveland St., Allentown, Pa. 18103.

July 25: Picnic train to Oceanside, Calif., coaches, snack car, baggage-lounge, and recently acquired obs. car; $10.25 (kids $6.50) from Los Angeles, Pasedena, and Pomona. Write Orange Empire Trolley Museum, Box 548, Perris, Calif. 92370.

July 18: Rutland to Bennington, behind steam on Vermont Ry., coaches and gondola, lv. rr. yards 10 a.m. $6.50 (kids $3.75) lunch available at Benninaton and time to look around. Due back at 6. Write Empire State Ry Museum, Box 459, New York, N.Y. 10005.

July 25: Belfast & Moosehead Lake, 66-mile round trip along Passagassawakeag River and Winnecock Lake. Open gondolas, 2 cabooses; lv. Belfast 10 a.m., chicken barbeque lunch at Unity Pond. Write Downeast RR. Club. Box 196, Brunswick, Me. 04011.

Aug. 1: 320 miles on B&O freight lines, Pittsburgh, Washington, and Wheeling to Parkersburg. Write North Hills Travelers, J. Edward Wally, 43 Grant Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15223 (ticket deadline July 17).

Aug 1-21, NMRA tour to Japan; lv. San Francisco via Japan Air Lines. Contact Paul Shomada, 3509 Northgate Blvd., Sacramento, Calif. 95834.

Aug. 5-15: Illini RR Club trip to Mexico, lv. Chicago (GM&O) 12:15 noon; St. Louis (Mo. Pac.) 5:30 p.m.; 5 days, 6 nights in Mexico, due back St. Louis 8:25 a.m. on 15th, Chicago 3:08 p.m. Escorts and guides all the way, $242.55 up; $25 deposit. Write Illini RR Club, Box 62, Champaign, Ill.

Aug. 18—Sept. 6: "North American Adventure": lv. San Francisco on "California Zephyr" ride the Silverton, Royal George route to Denver, cars transferred to "Denver Zephyr," then Southern Belle" to Texarkanna for overnight. Ride steam-powered Reader Railroad, "Texas Eagle" to St. Louis. B&O "National Limited." Visit B&O Museum, Baltimore, and on to New York (Commodore Hotel), for two days. Visit World's Fair, etc., N.Y. Central to Buffalo, see Niagara Falls, board SS "South American" for cruise on Great Lakes to Duluth, NP to Fargo, where you pick up private cars attached to GN "Western Star." Visit Glacier Park, on to Spokane, SP&S to Portland. Ride Veronia, South Park & Pacific Ry.; visit museum, "Cascade" back to San Francisco. $800 up, depending on accommodations. $50 deposit. Escorts. Write for brochure: R&LHS, Arthur Lloyd, 974 Pleasant Hill Rd., Redwood City, Calif.

Aug. 29—Sept. 11: "International Limited," private train to NRHS convention by Iowa Chapter, from Chicago: St. Paul, Winnipeg, Jasper, Vancouver, ride PGE; Seattle, Portland, Bieber, Sherman Hill, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago. Steam on CB&Q, PGE, and UP. Write NRHS, Allan Vaughn, 704 East Charles St., Oelwein, Iowa.

Aug. 29—Sept. 10: Private car "Mt. Rubidoux" from L.A. to NRHS Convention, plus side trips and ride stern-wheel towboat. Write Orange Empire Trolley Museum, Box 548, Perris, Calif. 92370. Other trips coming up.

Sept. 2-6: Midwest Central RR., narrow-gage, will operate for Midwest Old Settlers and Threshers Assn. 16th reunion, Baldwin loco with passenger cars. Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

Sept. 12: 300 miles, fall foliage trip Me., N.H., White Mts., Vt. CNR steam loco 6218, Portland to Island Pond, first steam since final run of MEC 470 in June, 1954. CNR coaches, open-door baggage car, outlets for tape recorders, lv. Grand Trunk station Portland 8 a.m., due back about 8 p.m. $12 (kids $6). Write 470 Railroad Club (Div. of Railroad Enthusiasts, Inc.) Jesse F. Libby, Trip Chm., 344 Pine St., South Portland, Me. 04107. Make checks to 470 RR. Club.

Sept. 16—Oct. 27: B. of L.E. annual European tour: England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland and France. lv. New York on SS France, $1,195, all-expenses: write: M. C. Glassek, Div. 28, P.O. Box 3612, Sta. A, El Paso, 23, Texas.

Sept. 18-26: 4,000 miles, 5 states, 3 days of narrow-gage steam in Colo., package tour, lv. Richmond Calif., on Sante Fe: Grand Canyon, Raton Pass, Colorado Springs, Alamosa, Pueblo, D&RGW via Royal Gorge, Dotsero, Moffat Tunnel, Denver, and return to Coast. $245 in coach to $391 in drawing room. $50 deposit. Write Norman Holmes, Central Coast Ry. Club, Box 1714, San Jose, Calif. 95106.

Oct. 16-17: steam trip behind CNR 6218. Write Michigan Railroad Club, 15517 Braile Ave., Detroit, Mich. 48223.

Oct. 17: 270-mile Fall-foliage trip on B&O freight lines, Pittsburgh to DuBois Pa. reserve-seat coaches, probably an open gon, a snack car, 1500 people took the fall trip last year, get your reservation in early: Oct. 1 deadline, write North Hills Travelers, J. Edward Wally, 43 Grant Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa. 15223. ●

BOOKS OF THE RAILS

DECLINE OF STEAM, by Colin T. Gifford, 173 pages, 12x9¾", 291 photographs, no text matter except preface, Ian Allan, London, England, distributed by Leisure Time Books, P.O. Box 634, New Rochelle, N.Y., $16.

Decline of Steam combines brilliant picture-taking with an understanding of the subject. "To many," the British author writes, "the railways are a collection of numbers or machines, often divorced from their environment. Others, including myself, think of them not as an entity but as one with their surroundings. They are an integral part of our country and way of life, which, to a degree they have made."

This three-pound volume is unique. For high quality of Steam Age photography in book form we have never seen its equal. The photo-engraving likewise is superb. Connoisseurs will buy and treasure such a book. "A thing of beauty," Keats wrote, "is a joy forever." Railfans who prefer conventional photos, builders' shots, or only American pictures will pass it by.

HISTORY OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF RAILWAY & STEAMSHIP CLERKS, FREIGHT HANDLERS, EXPRESS AND STATION EMPLOYES, by Nixson Denton, 299 pages, illustrated with nearly 100 photos; available from George M. Gibbons, secretary-treasurer, 1015 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio 45202, $3.

The Clerks' brotherhood was founded Dec. 29, 1899, at Sedalia, Mo., by a group of Missouri Pacific and Katy employes. It grew to become not only the largest rail union in North America but also the world's biggest "white collar" union. In the sense that Ralph Waldo Emerson referred to every institution as "the lengthened shadow of one man," this brotherhood is the lengthened shadow of George M. Harrison, who served with distinction as its president for 35 years before assuming the less strenuous role of chief executive officer.

The book rightly devotes much space to his great achievements but shows too many pictures of him posed with celebrities. Mr. Harrison is a dynamic leader in his own right. He does not need the presence of "big names" to buttress his reputation. And the author should have given more attention to other interesting personalities in the Clerks' union. The book is too much of a one-man show. George Harrison himself would probably agree with us on that score.

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RAILROAD MERGERS AND ABANDONMENTS, by Michael Conant, 212 pages, 6x9¼", with bibliography, index of court decisions, index of railroads, and subject index, University of California Press, $7.50.

Conant picked railroad mergers, abandonments, and service discontinuances for discussion because, he says, "they are inter-related aspects of business policy toward remedying the excess capacity and over-investment in railroad lines and terminals."

We quote from his chapter on "Myth of Inter-Railroad Competition": "Rivalry between railroads is reported to exist for two types of services. The first is the supply of freight cars during periods of car shortages. The low *per diem* rate for the use of another railroad's cars makes it cheaper to use any other railroad's cars than to build them. (The *per diem* rate cannot be changed without the consent of the large majority of American railroads.)

"The effect has been to discourage the building of railroad cars and to cause under-investment in them. As a result, during periods of business boom, insufficient cars are available to carry

the output of American industry and farms. At these times railroads will vie with each other to supply large shippers with such cars as they can obtain in the hope of establishing long-run preference for their railroads."

The author is an economist, a lawyer, and a university professor. His subject is timely and controversial but the book is heavy reading. It is well documented with regard to court decisions, anti-trust laws, economic appraisal of recent mergers, regulation of abandonments, and the like. A few well-chosen pictures would have helped a lot; there are none.

SAGA OF THE STEAM PLOUGH, by Harold Bonnett, 208 pages, 5½x8½", illustrated with good photos, Geo. Allen & Unwin Ltd., London, England; distributed by Leisure Time Books, P.O. Box 634, New Rochelle, N.Y., $11.

A book with a British background, dealing to some extent with other parts of the world. The author worked as a locomotive fireman on the old London & North Eastern Railway before it was nationalized. No doubt about it, he understands steam engines. He owns a couple of steam ploughs himself.

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We always review new railbooks. As an added service to readers, we sell books at about 5 percent off publisher's price. Our discount applies to almost any English-language railbook still in print, if it retails above $2.50. Each price includes shipping charges.

These books are available only by mail. Money order or check may be sent to *Railroad Magazine Book Service* (not to the book publisher), 205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017. Here are a number of suggestions:

	List Price	Our Price
RAILROAD AVENUE, by Freeman Hubbard	$ 5.95	($ 5.65)
DECLINE OF STEAM, by Colin Gifford	$16.00	($15.20)
BROTHERHOOD OF RY. CLERKS, by N. Denton	$ 3.00	($ 2.85)
RAILROAD MERGERS, etc., by M. Conant	$ 7.50	($ 7.15)
SAGA OF STEAM PLOUGH, by Harold Bonnett	$11.00	($10.45)
PACIFIC COAST SHAY, by Dan Ranger	$ 7.95	($ 7.55)
RUDOLF DIESEL, by Nitske and Wilson	$ 5.95	($ 5.65)
RR. THAT LIGHTED S. CALIF., by Johnson	$ 7.50	($ 7.15)
SMOKE ACROSS PRAIRIE, Ehrnberger-Gschwind	$ 4.95	($ 4.70)
BRITISH RAILWAYS LOCOMOTIVES	$ 3.75	($ 3.55)
WORLD'S UNDERGROUND RYS., F. Howson	$ 6.25	($ 5.95)
B&O POWER, by Alvin Staufer	$15.00	($14.25)
RAILROADS OF BLACK HILLS, Fielder	$12.50	($11.90)
TUMULT ON MOUNTAINS, Clarkson	$12.00	($11.40)
EARLY RAILWAYS, by J. B. Snell	$ 4.95	($ 4.70)
THE RUTLAND ROAD, by Shaughnessy	$10.00	($ 9.50)
ACROSS THE MIDLANDS, by Cook	$ 8.95	($ 8.40)
STEAM LOCOS OF BURLINGTON	$15.00	($14.25)
STEAM TRAINS OF THE SOO, by Suprey	$ 5.00	($ 4.75)
GREAT TRAINS OF ALL TIME, by Freeman Hubbard	$ 4.95	($ 4.70)
FAMOUS LOCOMOTIVES OF WORLD, by Hamilton	$ 3.25	($ 3.00)
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MORE UNUSUAL RAILWAYS, by John Day	$ 5.75	($ 5.50)
WORLD RAILWAYS: 1962-'63 edited by H. Sampson	$28.00	($26.60)
GREAT LAKES CAR FERRIES, by Geo. Hilton	$ 6.00	($ 5.70)
THE TRAIN THAT NEVER CAME BACK (true rr. adventure stories for 8-12 age) by Freeman Hubbard	$ 2.75	($ 2.60)
HAWAIIAN RAILWAYS, by John Hungerford	$ 4.95	($ 4.70)
THE OVERLAND LIMITED, by Lucius Beebe	$ 5.95	($ 5.60)
RAILWAY SIGNALLING SYSTEMS, Day-Cooper	$ 3.25	($ 3.00)
THE MA & PA, by George W. Hilton	$ 5.00	($ 4.75)
20TH CENTURY, by Lucius Beebe	$ 5.95	($ 5.65)
CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS, by G. R. Stevens, 2-vol. set	$12.50	($11.90)
GREAT DAYS OF THE CIRCUS, by Freeman Hubbard	$ 3.95	($ 3.75)
SHIPS AND NARROW GAUGE RAILS, by Best	$ 6.00	($ 5.70)
PGE: RAILWAY TO NORTH, by Bruce Ramsey	$ 7.50	($ 7.15)
STEAM LOCOMOTIVES & HISTORY: GEORGIA RR. AND WEST POINT ROUTE, by Prince	$ 9.50	($ 9.00)
TWILIGHT OF STEAM LOCOMOTIVES, Ron Ziel	$ 5.95	($ 5.60)

THE RAILROAD HOBBY CLUB

STEAM fans should wear black armbands. The Reading's Iron Horse Rambles are dead! Never again will the 2100's roll proudly through the green hills and valleys of eastern Pennsylvania trailing smoke plumes and wheeling carloads of happy, camera-bearing excursionists.

Sy Reich

Rod Craib, the company's director of public relations, puts it this way: "No Iron Horse Rambles this year! Unfortunately, both the 2100 and 2102 need extensive major repairs under ICC regulation before they could be used again. The Reading has operated at a net deficit every year since 1961. Our available cash is drastically reduced. While our freight business shows signs of improvement, we are operating at a deficit for the current year to date. Because of this, the cost of repairing the engines is prohibitive.

"A lot of our friends will be disappointed at this decision—as we are—but we hope their frustration is tempered by good memories of the 51 Rambles that were run in past years. We will retain the 2100 and 2102, but will permanently retire 2101, which for some time has been 'cannibalized' as a source of parts for the other two 4-8-4's."

The CB&Q, the UP, and CN still use steam on fantrips.

Tourist Attractions

The Livonia, Avon & Lakeville is now operating passenger service out of Livonia, N.Y. Its first run, with a diesel engine and three 50-year-old coaches, carried 80 paying riders the 13 miles to Avon; its second run carried 84, and its third run about 140. General Manager R. G. Nugent expects even better patronage after his steam loco is reconditioned and put into service.

Busy week-ends are reported by the Arcade & Attica. Steam engine 14 is kept busy. An Ohio group arrived the other day at Arcade, N.Y., aboard their own private car, the *Chittenango Falls*, and piled into A&A coaches. Plenty of people like to ride steam trains.

Part of the Graham County Railroad is being readied for tourist operation by the 1966 season. This is a logging railroad in the western end of North Carolina at Robbinsville in the Nantahala National Forest. They have two Shays and some old passenger cars. Ancient dining-cars and Pullmans will be set up for passengers, and an outdoor museum to show the history of railroad logging. The plan calls for use of 2.5 miles of railroad and some 30 acres of forest near the Nantahala Gorge. The railroad was built in 1912 and operated by a local lumbering company. The Shays date back to 1925. Parking area at the Topton end of the run will be laid out and access roads built in from U.S. highway 129.

A railroad museum and probably an operating tourist railroad are being seriously discussed at Oneonta, N.Y., the town where the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen was organized in a little red caboose, now enshrined. The town is on the Delaware & Hudson main line between Albany and Binghamton and on the New York Central's Catskill branch. This site is likewise on the Ulster & Delaware. The museum will be in the old depot of the latter railroad, but now being used by NYC trainmen. We understand they have a 1916 Baldwin; two Soo Line plush coaches, vintage of 1913, and 20 miles of track between Oneonta and Bloomsville. So says Vernon D. Seeley of Oneonta.

Steamtown USA, Bellows Falls, Vt., has acquired an ex-N&W Class A 2-6-6-4 from the Union Carbide plant at Charleston, W. Va., and hopes to have it on display soon, together with two other recent acquisitions, 2 ex-B&M 0-6-0's from Fletcher Quarries, Forge Village, Mass. Steamtown has locomotives lined up from Brazil, South Africa and England, reports Ron Salters.

The Green Mountain RR. began operations over the former Rutland's Bellows Falls branch in April, using ex-RUT Alco 405. Freight also is handled by steam power, using ex-CNR 2-6-0 89 which recently received a $25,000 overhaul at North Walpole, N.H.

There is a faint chance that the famed old Virginia & Truckee will be restored. Nevada Heritage Association hopes some day to rebuild the legendary railroad to the old mining town. Engine 27 and a few cars are parked at Carson City. The hulk of old bullion car No. 13 was saved at Virginia City. Last V&T trip was in 1949. The little road, built in 1869, hauled millions dollars in silver and gold from the Comstock hills.

Besides boasting one of the finest collections of railroadiana in the country, the Baltimore & Ohio Transportation Museum now has a gift shop and sells items by mail. Most items cost less than $5; you can even buy a booklet for kids for a nickel. Included are B&O chinaware, historic B&O fabrics, place mats, sleeve emblems, etc.

For slightly over $5 you can purchase hand lanterns, marker lights, dining-car silver, Larry Sagle's book on *B&O Power*, or locomotive sound recordings. When you write for a free copy of the 40-page catalog of B&O's *Distinctive Gifts*, we suggest you include 25¢ for the brochure which tells the museum's history and pictures some old locomotives and other exhibits. Address B&O Transportation Museum, Gift Shop, Baltimore, Md. 21201.

Books and Other Items

"The report that *Climax: an Unusual Steam Locomotive* is out of print and that copies are no longer obtainable from the publisher is almost, but not quite, true," writes Halsey L. Tilton, treasurer of the Railroadians of America, Inc., 761 W. Inman Ave., Rahway, N.J. 07065. "We have less than 100 copies left of the first edition. When they have gone, there will not be another printing. The price is still $6 postpaid. I'll continue to fill orders until our supply is gone, which will probably be soon."

Last brochure in Frank P. Donovan's popular Iowa series has just come to our desk: the monthly magazine *Palimpsest* containing 3 illustrated articles on Iowa railroading that cover respectively the Great Northern, the Union Pacific, and the Santa Fe. The author has dug up some good material and has handled it in readable fashion. The 40 pages, 5½x8", include 18 black-and-white photos printed on slick paper, and a map. Three color-shots adorn the semi-stiff covers. Price 50¢ from The State Historical Society, Iowa City, Iowa.

Mr. Donovan, who compiled "Named for Rail Presidents" for the Feb. '65 *Railroad Magazine*, sends these corrections. Coolidge, Ariz., not named for a Santa Fe man but for the President of U.S. Huntington Beach and Huntington Park, Calif., were named for Henry E. Huntington, pres. of Pacific Electric. The following Kentucky towns were named for L&N presidents: Jimhill (James B. Hill), Smith (Milton H. Smith), and Tilford (John E. Tilford).

A nostalgic color-print, 16½x11", suitable for framing, shows the Erie depot at Ramsey, N.J., as it looked in the summer of 1905, with a steam passenger train trailing a fleecy smoke-plume. The old station is still standing and looks pretty much as it did then. Gone, however, are steam power, the freight shed, the semaphore signal, and the rutted path to the lumber yard. Automatic crossing gates have replaced the old watchman's shanty. The print is available from Model Craftsman Publishing Corp., 6 E. Main St., Ramsey, N.J. 07446, for $1.50 postpaid, mailed in cardboard tube.

Same company sells a new illustrated booklet for model fans, 8 pages,

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Reader Railroad's No. 11 now sports a larger tender, acquired from the Kansas City Southern. This carrier in the hills of Arkansas is a steamfans' paradise. John E. Martin (IC engr.), 1249 Worthington St., Memphis, Tenn. 38114

5½x7½", *The Answers to 100 HO Questions,* for 10¢ postpaid.

Photos of C&O 2-8-2's, Class 2300, especially those with side view of the Vanderbilt tender showing the rivet detail, also cab rivet detail, are wanted by J. E. Springer, 605 12th St., Garden City, Kan., for a custom-built model.

Robert O. Greenawalt, 3643 N. Rosemead Blvd., Rosemead, Calif., saves old railroad stock and bond certificates. Believed to be one of the largest collections in the nation, Bob specializes in Western steam, but saves the documents of all roads, U.S. and foreign. His oldest certificate dates to 1835.

Bob has nothing to sell, but he likes to buy and trade and has a good supply of swap material. He finds his best source of material in attic trunks, family safes, and general house-cleanings reached through advertising media and company magazines.

A new list of steam slides of steam and diesel subjects in eastern and northeastern U.S. is available from Paul F. Garde, Thirty-five Slides Co., Box 368, Green Mt. Falls, Colo. 80819. This list is long and detailed. It sells for 35¢.

C. William Witbeck, one of the nation's leading collectors of rail photos and member of the R&LHS, P.O. Box 970, Hammond, La. 70401, has available a detailed 70-page list of photos that can be ordered. Included are over 2000 Illinois Central subjects: locos, cars, views, crews, etc., dating from the 1880's. Mr. Witbeck says that all prints ordered will be finished professionally and guaranteed. The list alone sells at $1 in cash, money order, or stamps.

On Time, a new locomotive sound recording, is devoted to a most deserving subject, the Pennsy K-4, reports Howard Shottenfield, our record reviewer. All tracks were taped on the New York & Long Branch, presumably in the mid-1950's (except for two roughly recorded oldies made in Buffalo, N.Y., some years ago). More than half the disc is devoted to a lengthy on-train recording. This, in our opinion, is a little too much, but plenty of variety (starts, stops, fast running, whistling, etc.) reduces the tedium, and the grand old girl's voice is clearly heard.

Several trackside sequences are good. The beautiful PRR chime whistle comes through clearly at all times. Recording is generally good (though not as good as on North Jersey's K-4 disc, *Rods, Wheels and Whistles).* Editing and surfaces are tops. The record comes in an attractive jacket featuring a Pennsy calendar painting. Notes are detailed, but somewhat trite and fatuous. We wish they had included the recording dates. Any PRR fan (like your reviewer) should have the nostalgia turned on by this one. Available from Semaphore Records, P.O. Box 7504, Chicago, Ill. 60680, at $4.98.

Setouts and Pickups

"I enjoyed reading Joachim Lehnert's comments about German railroading in your May issue," writes James T. Hatfield, 728 N. Prospect, Kansas City, Mo. 64120. "A late issue of *Modern Railways,* a British magazine, bears out some of the things he said. That issue would evoke a hearty cheer from steam fans because of its excellent photos of German steam power. One picture shows the *Cologne-Saarbrucken Express* crossing the Moselle River behind a swanky 2-6-2."

A burglar who broke into the headquarters of the Coventry Model Railway Club in England not long ago was so impressed with the miniature layout that he did not steal anything. The would-be-thief left a note congratulating club members for the intricacy of their work. He also left his burglar tools.

The Jersey Central's 753, pictured on our July cover, thanks to Bob Malinoski, was a Ten-wheeler, not a Mogul as our caption stated.

Billy Boyd, 369 S. Harrig St., Madisonville, Ky., citizen band radio opera-

tor, license KHC 0551, wants to get CB-QSL cards from other operators, especially from railroaders.

Coming very soon: locomotive rosters of the Texas & Pacific and the Missouri shortlines.

Tom Lawson adds the following data to our rosters of Kentucky and Louisiana shortlines: The Morehead & North Fork diesel is No. 15. The Arkansas & Louisiana Missouri unidentified unit is No. 32, a 35-ton Plymouth with B wheel arrangement. The two Feliciana Eastern diesels are: No. 88, an Alco-GE HH 900, built in 1939, ex-Birmingham Southern 88, and No. 204, an Alco-GE RS-1, ex-Minneapolis & St. Louis 204. South Shore No. 206 was sold to Empire Coke Co. in 1963 and was not renumbered.

"We have available an up-to-date roster of Soo Line locomotives," writes Gloria Gwinner, of the road's Public Relations department, Soo Line Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. 55440. "I'd be happy to send a copy to anyone on request."

Norfolk & Western can now be considered as a "Canadian railway," says the Canadian Railroad Historical Association in their paper, *Canadian Rail*. The Wabash, which the N&W recently acquired, leases the line from Detroit to Buffalo from the Canadian National. An interesting thought.

Ward Kimball was surprised to get many letters regarding his collection of trainmen's uniform buttons since he was written up as *Interesting Railfans* No. 28 in our April '65 issue. "I didn't know there were so many button collectors," he says.

We are grateful to readers who write us letters that consist of only one short paragraph—2 or 3 very short paragraphs at the most. We cannot possibly find space for one-fiftieth of the long material sent to this department. Please cooperate!

Rail bargain packages wrapped and ready, says the *Christian Science Monitor*: for $82 from Montreal to Vancouver, one way, with a roomette and all meals on the Canadian Pacific or $43 in a coach. Round trip (coach) from Boston to the Coast for $210, further reduced if the family plan is used. Hotels are cheaper in Florida in the summer and the railroad fares are less too—$77.80 from New York round trip to Miami. The Slumbercoach is available on the New York Central, B&O, Burlington, and Northern Pacific.

L. W. Menk, president of the Frisco Lines, has had ten or more copper bells cast and sent to the shops at Springfield, Mo., where the machinists turn them out on a lathe, reports Stanley McCarthy. When completed, they are the same kinds of bells that were used on steam locomotives and they are donated to various churches, etc.

D. R. Scott, chairman of Duke Model Ry. Club, 40 Tennyson St., Dannevirke, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, will exchange taped sounds and 35mm slides of NZ rys. with those of your country.

The diesel air horn on a Pennsy freight train recently sounded a fire alarm at Mayville, N.Y., at 4 a.m. when the crew spotted flames in an unoccupied cottage overlooking Chautauqua Lake. The horn's staccato notes aroused residents, who notified the local volunteer fire department, thus saving the cottage from total destruction.

The Erie-Lackawanna is charged by the Public Service Commission of New York State with violating the state's full-crew law by operating a switching engine in a Manhattan yard with only an engineer in the cab. This ruling followed a complaint from the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen & Enginemen. The railroad argued that the switcher was running so slowly that other employes, working on the ground could serve as helpers for the engineer. Five years ago PSC recommended that the law be repealed.

Piggybacking is growing so fast that even obstacles such as an overpass make way for it. Recently a 69-year old viaduct over the Erie-Lackawanna tracks at Norwich, N.Y., prevented trailers on flatcars from passing underneath due to lack of clearance. The problem was to let piggyback service reach Utica industries from the E-L main line at Binghamton. To do this, it was necessary to raze the viaduct that carried Mitchell Street over the tracks and replace it with a grade crossing protected by flasher lights. Norwich city officials agreed; so did the Public Service Commission, and it was done.

It is often said that the railroads don't want passenger business. They don't like to admit it in public and usually say that if enough people ride the trains to make it profitable or break-even operation they are for it. Charles Bartlett, columnist of the Hartford (Conn.) *Times*, writes: "The answer is that the Pennsylvania, like other railroads, has lost confidence in its ability to profit from this traffic as long as the highways and airways enjoy Federal subsidies. There is no instinct to risk new money in a losing competition on unequal terms."

A few roads are actively soliciting passenger business. For example, the Santa Fe recently ran a large display adv. in many newspapers, entitled, "Are your children missing the great adventure of a cross-country train trip?" The copywriter told what youngsters could see from windows of such trains as *Super Chief, El Capitan, The Chief, Texas Chief,* and *San Francisco Chief*.

790 Back in Service

An old retired steam engine, No. 790 from the Illinois Central, which stood on permanent exhibition at the

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state fair grounds, Hawkeye Downs, in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was put in active service in the recent flood emergency. Diesel locomotives just can't run on tracks covered by flood water, but steam power can. The 790, which was built in 1903, proved that she could wade through water up to the bottom of her firebox. Water over tracks would burn out diesel traction motors.

So the 790, at this writing, is pulling carloads of corn from the Clinton Corn Processing Co. at Clinton. She is owned by Lou Keller, who lives in Cedar Rapids at 1033 Oakland Road N.E. He bought her from the IC in 1959 and brought her up from Memphis. While en route from that point to Cedar Rapids, her pistons and eccentric rods were taken out. But when the Chicago & North Western took her to Clinton nothing was removed. She moved slowly, however, and was checked often for lubrication and overheating.

Before placing her on exhibition, Lou had the 790 sand-blasted and painted, and a welder replaced everything that was needed. New planking under the tender and new tender footboards were installed, the pilot footboards were removed, and a road-type pilot was attached. The engine has a six-chime whistle, an air-operated bell, a butterfly firebox door, Edna injectors, a Pyle-National electrical system, and a New York air brake system. In September, 1960, this oldtimer pulled fantrips.

Says Lou: "Charles B. Jones—Casey Jones's son—came here from his home in Jackson, Tenn., when the Milwaukee Road operated two excursions from Cedar Rapids to Ottawa. That weekend the 790 pulled seven cars for a total of 360 miles with 722 passengers, including Mr. Jones."

Lincoln Railroadiana

David Plowden, who made several color-shots that were used on *Railroad Magazine* covers, had a unique exhibit of 50 black and white photographs recently in the Ferris Booth Hall of Columbia College, New York. They traced the 13-day course of the Lincoln funeral train from Washington, D.C., to Springfield, Illinois.

Plowden endeavored to show by present-day photography how the American countryside looked a century ago, as any observer on the funeral train might have seen it. This was a difficult project, since the United States has changed so much. But Plowden picked out old buildings and country scenes that were visible along the route at the time and are still there today. Not only that, but he took most of the pictures at the exact hour that the train passed through each area. The result is a rare contribution to Americana.

While we are on the subject, it is interesting to note that the old Great Western Railroad station from which Lincoln departed in 1860 to be inaugurated as President, has been restored and reopened to the public. Exhibited in it are artifacts of the period.

"We are still on the lookout for railroad items and information from around 1860," says Don Williams, GW Railroad station, 10th and Monroe sts., Springfield, Ill. "Especially depot articles or anything associating Lincoln with the railroads."

Engine-Picture Stamps

Many readers collect railroad postage stamps, but William F. Campbell, a retired Baltimore & Ohio pipe-fitter of Swanton, Ohio, specializes in stamps which show locomotives.

He has hundreds of locomotive stamps among his thousands pasted in books and frames. The countries which have issued locomotive-picture stamps include Albania, Turkey, Hungary, Japan, East Germany, Egypt, Russia, Sweden, Belgium, Mexico, Brazil, Republic of Central Africa, Costa Rica, Australia, and the United States.

"The first to put out a locomotive stamp was New Brunswick, Canada, in 1860," says Mr. Campbell. *The Rolling Stock Register of the Philatelic Railroad,* a collector's journal of railroad stamps, identifies the engine as a 4-4-0.

"I became interested in collecting locomotive stamps when I wrote to a man in New Zealand a few years ago," he says. "I had been a railroader for nearly 40 years then, but this man told me things about the B&O that I didn't know about my own company! Collectors learn all sorts of interesting things. I decided then to specialize in some form of railroad stamp."

As an example of the strange items that collectors learn, Mr. Campbell tells about one of the most mysterious train disasters in history:

"It was an icy, winter night in Italy in the wartime year of 1944. A train that was notorious for carrying black marketeers was headed for Naples when it entered a tunnel on slippery rails. The train bogged down in the tunnel. Carbon monoxide fumes killed 511 passengers, the majority of whom carried no identification because of their illegal businesses. For four days none of the news media said a word about it, and when they finally did the story rated only seven lines on page two of a Naples newspaper."

Mr. Campbell has been collecting stamps for 30 years but did not start specializing in the locomotive-picture hobby until 1960. He has won many awards for his philatelic presentations at shows and is popular as a speaker to various groups.

From Chessie-B&O News

William F. Campbell collects postage stamps which show pictures of locomotives.

Steve Maguire's

TRANSIT TOPICS

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO has withdrawn its offer to buy stock control of the Chicago South Shore & South Bend Railroad. According to H. T. Watkins, C&O vice president, the Interstate Commerce Commission issued a statement "cautioning the C&O and the Monon Railroad (which also seeks to control the South Shore) that any further acquisition of South Shore shares might be construed as a violation of the Interstate Commerce Act."

Steve Maguire

The 90-mile electric line with direct access through its trackage in northern Indiana to the new steel mills being built by Bethlehem and Midwest Steel companies has been a primary attraction to the two railroads wanting a connection with the industrial area.

For several years the Monon Railroad has been trying to gain control of the CSS&SB though purchases of stock held by a dissident group that unsuccessfully attempted to wrest control of the line from its board of directors during the last two years.

The South Shore's board successfully resisted the Monon's efforts, even though the Monon had acquired nearly 40 percent of the traction line's stock. After a quiet period, CSS&B stock rose last January from $29 a share to $36 in a single day.

Late in March the secret was out. The C&O had asked the ICC for permission to acquire control of the South Shore. At the same time, it offered to buy outstanding stock, for a month's period, at the high price of $42.50 a share. In addition, the South Shore's board recommended acceptance of the C&O's offer, apparently with the assurance that in the event C&O gained control the present management and policies of the electric line would be continued. Now, however, the future of this electric road with heavy commuter traffic is undecided.

ALTHOUGH a bill allowing the establishment of a rapid transit authority in the area of Atlanta, Ga., was approved last November by voters of the five counties surrounding Atlanta, very little progress is evident. Some readers feel it will be a long time, if ever, before the area actually gets rapid transit. The bill was passed by a 2 to 1 vote by all five counties, any one of which could have killed it.

TORONTO has no long-range plans to eliminate its streetcar system, reports John R. Land, 34 Lantana Court, Toronto, Ont., Canada. At one time the city's Transportation Commission had set 1978 as the target date for retirement of the last trolleys. Present plans call for continuing them in service as long as maintenance crews can keep them running.

These views were made public after a meeting of TTC officials that authorized disposal of the last ten Peter Witt trolleys for $306 each to a local scrap dealer. Three other such cars had previously been withdrawn from sale so they can be preserved. Two will go to museums. The third, No. 2766, will be retained for chartered fan trips, a lucrative source of revenue for the Toronto system.

Peter Witt trolleys first appeared in the city Oct. 2, 1921, replacing a very large collection of wooden-bodied cars. At one time 576 of them were in service. The introduction of PCC cars, of which nearly 700 are still running, and the new subway lines, have reduced the need for them. Opening of the Bloor-Danforth subway line in the near future will cut down the number of PCC's still operating.

A MOTORIZED facsimile of a trolley was built by the West End Brewing Co. to carry visitors around its museum-like restoration of Victorian Days on its property on Edward Street in Utica, N.Y., we learn from Bill Gordon, 811 Garson Ave., Rochester, N.Y. The brewery sells Utica Club beer.

The $800,000 restoration of artifacts of the Victorian era, including complete classic buildings, is attracting many visitors to the area. Daily tours are scheduled. The trolley-type vehicle is propelled by an internal combustion engine. (Photograph on page 63.)

IF THE SKYBUS now being tested on a mile of elevated track in South Park proves successful, it might replace trolleys on the long runs of Pittsburgh's Port Authority to Drake and Library, according to a report from the PAAC director, John Dameron, sent us by Jim Cerny, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The test track on which these little rubber-tired cars operate is financed by grants of nearly $3 million from the U.S. Government, with lesser sums from Westinghouse Corp., and Port Authority, and the State Commerce Department. Its purpose is to determine whether skybuses can meet mass-transit requirements in areas of medium population density. We cannot quite envision how this can be done on a mile of test route.

It would seem that any objections to the present ground-running fast suburban trolleys to Drake and Library would be far less than to elevated roads serving the same area with overhead buses running on them, to say nothing of comparative costs of construction.

Original plans of the Port Authority were to retain the fast lines to Drake and Library for high-speed rail service in MU trains of PCC cars.

PAT has put out attractive timetables for the rail lines to Drake, Library, and Dormont. These are available to anyone writing to Port Authority of Allegheny County, Transit Division, P.O. Box 1918, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230. Several new bus timetables also were issued recently.

PRIVATE trolley operation at the Gaylord Container Corp. paper mill in Bogalusa, La., has been cut back to only a single track 1000 feet long. A former Toledo & Western freight motor, in poor condition, is used to move pulp rolls and remnants between loading plat-

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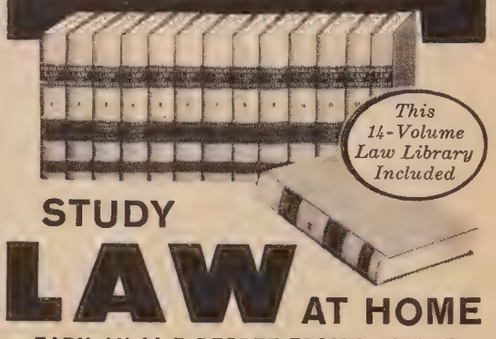

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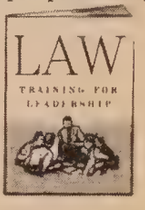

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forms. An ex-Chicago elevated car, in even worse condition, is kept only as a spare.

Wilbur Golson, Baton Rogue, La., sent us this news. He says it appears that the end of this juice operation is near.

WASHINGTON STATE'S last trolley line, the freight-only Yakima Valley Transportation Co., has rebuilt track in the streets of Yakima, writes Rodney Nelson, 700 14th Ave., West, Kirkland, Wash. 98033. Rodney is a 13-year-old trolley fan who, until recently, lived in Yakima and was intrigued by the new construction.

"When they laid new poles for the overhead after relaying the track," he says, "I was given a two-mile ride on the line car."

SOUTHERN IOWA RAILWAY, of Centerville, which was under the control of Iowa Southern Utilities Co. for many years, has been sold to a new corporation that has now received ICC approval to take over. As of May 1, 1965, the former SI Railway became the Southern Industrial Railroad, Inc., operating independently of the utility company.

This is the line on which the Iowa Chapter of the National Railway Historical Society, Inc., operates its museum trolleys. The new owners promise cooperation with the railfan groups that occasionally run special trips over the line in the historic cars from the WCF&N, CA&E, and CNS&M former interurban lines. They even promise to make more fan trips available, and to rebuild the right-of-way so that such excursions can be scheduled at slightly higher speeds.

We hope this line can continue to make its facilities available to rail enthusiasts and not be subjected to pilferage. Another Iowa juice line that was vandalized by railfans had to bar hobbyists from its property.

SAN FRANCISCO cable cars have resumed operation after a 28-day absence from the streets while the cable machinery was undergoing repairs and new installations, writes Ralph Kerchum, 4350 Bridgeview Dr., Oakland, Calif. During the period the Emporium, a large department store on Market Street, had signs in its front windrows that read, "The cars with the smile will be gone for awhile," and explained why they were not running. A fine example of public relations!

PHILADELPHIA Suburban Transportation Co. may have more trouble than it expected in obtaining abandonment of the rail line to Ardmore, Pa., writes Robert Fitzgerald, 603 Woodland Dr., Havertown, Pa. Much objection developed at hearings of the Pennsylvania Public Utility Commission as well as Haverford Township, through which much of the line operates. The township hired E. L. Tennyson, transit engineer for Philadelphia, to testify in opposition to the proposed abandonment. Mr. Tennyson pointed out that PST had $9,000 profit from the line, rather than $40,000 deficit that the company contends. He also said bus service would cut the profit to $3,000.

PST has announced plans to abandon their operation at its Llanerch shops but will continue bus repair facilities there and will move the rail repair shops near to the shops of their third-rail line at 72nd Street in Upper Darby.

An interesting three-fold brochure has been issued by the Delaware County Chamber of Commerce entitled, *Ride The Trolley Lines* (through historic, scenic Delaware County, Pa.). This features a short history of the PST trolley lines, including the Norristown third-rail route, with a map, a schedule of running time, and photographs, old and new.

The brochure aims to publicize and attract riders to the lines and the general area. It is a commendable effort of public-minded citizens who recognize a real attraction and asset and are promoting it at their own cost.

One of the photographs in the publication shows a photo from a fan trip to Ardmore last year, with a close-up of Charles Hauser, ex-LVT motorman; Andy Maginnis of Philadelphia, Pa., and your *Transit Topics* editor.

Copies of the brochure can be obtained by writing the Delaware County Chamber of Commerce, 406 Welsh St., Chester, Pa.

Trolley Museum Notes

LAST MONTH we announced the beginning of construction of the new trolley line at Bloomsburg, Pa., that will extend for two miles on the property of the Magee Transportation Museum. Sponsored by Harry L. Magee, owner of the Magee Carpet Co. in the same city, this line will start functioning shortly, probably with ex-Scranton (Pa.) master unit 505.

Additional trolleys that will be run on the line include Rochester, N.Y., horsecar No. 55, an old Rochester city trolley converted to a sand car and renumbered 0243, and ex-Rochester subway interurban No. 60 that formerly ran on the Rome-Utica-Little Falls line.

Recently, wooden-bodied interurban car No. 130 from the Niagara, St. Catharines & Toronto owned by the Syracuse Chapter of NRHS, has been sold and shipped to the Magee Museum for restoration and possible eventual use. This car, along with Rochester subway car 60 and the Scranton trolley, were originally on exhibit at Rail City on Route 2 near Watertown, N.Y.

What will probably become the favorite trolley on the Bloomsburg line is the restored body of car No. 10, which was acquired last year after having been preserved as part of a dwelling for nearly forty years. This car operated on the local line that in its final days was known as North Branch Transit. No. 10 was the old line's first car, being No. 1 of the Danville & Bloomsburg Street Railway. It is a semi-convertible interurban built by Brill. Some equipment bought last year from New Orleans Public Service will be used to bring it into working condition. With the fine restoration technique, we expect to see a real good operating piece.

OHIO RAILWAY MUSEUM of Worthington has added Illinois Terminal PCC car 450 to its fleet of operating traction equipment. The 450 was donated by James H. Griffin of Menlo Park, Calif., who had bought it from scrap dealers. There is a chance that it will be operated this summer. Being double-ended it is especially welcome on this line, which has stub-ended terminals.

NORTH SHORE interurban car 411 ran last March 20th in Brooklyn, N.Y., where it has been stored for a museum at the Avenue X shops of the New York City Transit System, writes Wm. J. Myers, 1511 N. 2nd St., Harrisburg, Pa.

The interurban car was run under overhead wires of the former South Brooklyn Railway in the vast subway yard, by means of a jumper extending from the third rail to the overhead lines. Although the day picked for operation was snowy, the car ran up and down the switching tracks, actually becoming the last trolley to run in Brooklyn—and a North Shore interurban car, at that!

New Publications

ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE ROSTERS, a dependable and attractive new book, edited and published by Robert J. Wayner, has just come to our desk. We will consult it often. There are 86 pages, 8⅜ x 10¾″, with stiff paper binding, a generous supply of good photographs printed on glossy paper, several working drawings, useful for model builders and others, and an index. Photo of Great Northern box-cab type No. B-5006 adorns the front cover. There are 19 large rosters and more than 200 small ones.

"Nearly 2000 electric locomotives have been built for main-line and interurban roads on this continent since 1894," Bob Wayner states in his introduction. "This book is a record of their construction, renumbering, transfer of

ownership, and their final disposition.

"Half of these locomotives ran on only four railroads. More units were built for the Pennsy than for all interurbans combined; more for the little Niagara Junction than for the Southern Pacific. Commonplace in the Midwest, rare in the the South and in the Rocky Mountain states, the electric locomotive has generally been operated only where economic, geographic, or hygienic conditions have made steam or diesel power unsafe or inefficient by comparison . . .

"Steam was king for over a century, but steam couldn't take trains under rivers or beneath streets without suffocating those aboard. The first great fleet of electric engines were those built to haul commuters and Pullman travelers through tunnels paid for with the profits generated by the Iron Horses which surrendered their consists to juice jacks at transfer points. Not until some New Haven diesels were equipped with third-rail pickup did electric units share subterranean trackage with another type of motive power. . . ."

We recommend *Electric Locomotive Rosters* whole-heartedly and are proud to have it in our reference library. Every railroad library should have one. It's available at $3.98 postpaid but only from the author, Robert J. Wayner, Box 871, New York, N.Y. 10023.

AFTER reading the title of a new book, *Northern Ohio's Interurbans and Rapid Transit Railways,* by Harry Christiansen, we expected a rather full coverage of the subject. We were disappointed. The book is a mixture of data ranging from the sketchy to the profuse. It appears to have been gotten up hastily, possibly to scoop a Midwestern historical group which has been working for two years on histories in the same region for an annual publication.

Christiansen reproduced some interesting photos but failed to credit their sources. We have already seen complaints from readers concerning certain snapshots used without their knowledge or consent. And the make-up is far from professional.

The book carries an interesting account of the beginning of the Shaker Heights line, written by one of the Van Sweringens years ago. That part is good. Its last 35 pages, however, present a diatribe against rapid transit by rail. This is slanted at readers in the Cleveland area, with the author in the ridiculous role of a Guiding Angel steering the city away from any more rail rapid transit extensions. Such extensions, according to his figures, would be a waste of money. The author writes off downtown cities and aims to influence the area into building more freeways eliminating transit routes and letting riders travel by highway vehicles to suburban shopping centers of the future.

Sacramento Northern car 62 and CB&Q *Zephyr* at Maysville Calif., in 1957.
Stephen D. Maguire, 1411 River Rd., Belmar, N.J.

On the pretext of writing a history of the local trolley lines of yesteryear, he has sought to undercut the present hopes of rail rapid transit enthusiasts anywhere. The book has 175 illustrated pages, 8x11½", heavy paper cover, and staple binding. It may be obtained from the author, P.O. Box 5147, Cleveland. Ohio 44101, for $4.95.

SNOW FIGHTING EQUIPMENT, EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS STREET RY. CO., by O. R. Cummings, 10 illustrated pages, 8½x11", features the many system's varieties of snow equipment from 1919 to '48, with rosters and action photos. Especially interesting are the Axcess ice-cutters invented by a Lynn, Mass., man and used with slight success on the EMSR. You can get the book for $1 from Roger Borrup, Box 232, Warehouse Point, Conn. 06088.

6000 AND 7000 CLASS CARS, EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS STREET CAR CO., same author as above, 12 illustrated pages, 8½x11", covers the last two types of closed cars built for EMSR from 1922 to '27, including specifications, assignments, and secondhand dispositons of many cars. $1 per copy from Roger Borrup.

Bound volumes of TRANSPORTATION BULLETIN for 1963-'64 containing both of the above bulletins plus a prior one covering rebuilt ESMR cars, and souvenir booklet of the Warehouse Point Trolley Museum, all can be had from Roger Borrup for $3.

CORTLAND COUNTY TRACTION, by Sheldon S. King, 20 illustrated pages 6x9", stapled-bound, is another in the series of commendable efforts of writers to preserve the history of small and relatively unknown traction lines that vanished long ago. Connecting Cortland, N.Y., with McGraw, Homer and Preble, this little line began as a horsecar route in 1882, using 25-lb. rail, and was electrified in 1895. It lasted until 1931. Maps are excellent. The photo of the city car in Cortland that ran to the station for only a year is rare and outstanding. The book is available from the author at $1 each.

This looks like a quaint streetcar of long ago but is really only a motor-powered replica that a brewing company in Utica, N.Y., uses to take visitors around its $800,000 museum-like restoration of classic buildings, etc., of Victorian era.

The Switch List

THESE items are printed free and in good faith but without guarantee. Keep within 28 words, including your name and address. Use abbreviations such as *tts.* (timetables); *emp tts.* (employees timetables), and *SSE* (send 5¢ stamped envelope for list or details).

Write each item plainly or pen-print or typewrite it on a postcard or separate sheet of paper—not buried in a letter about other matters. If you want pen pals, state age and special interests so they will know what to write about.

A tight printing schedule compels us to close the *Switch List* long before publication. As this magazine hits the newsstands our September department is closed. Entries for October issue (out about Sept. 10) should reach us by July 11. Address Sy Reich, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

JOHN ACKERMAN, 39 Valley Way, West Orange, N.J., collects rr. lanterns.

BERNARD ALBERT, 3535 Rochambeau Ave., New York, N.Y., will buy 35mm color slides of pre-'50 N&W elecs.

DICK ANDERSON, 334 S. Prindle St., Arlington Heights, Ill. 60004, sells foreign steam and elec. negs. No list.

C.T. ANDREWS, 4231 S.W. 38th St., West Hollywood, Fla. 33023, sells 4x5 and p.c. size pix of LV, RDG, L&NE, CNJ, DL&W, D&H, and Pa. shortlines.

LARRY AUSTIN, 808 Aetna Dr., Ellwood City, Pa. 16117, sells b&w 35mm rr. slides. Also processes, enlarges, makes slides from pix or negs.

C. BAER, 15-A W. 30 St., Bayonne, N.J. 07002, wants CNJ tts., emp. tts., pix, info., and track diagrams all on steam operation.

JOHN BARTH, Jr., 54 Poplar St., Closter, N.J., sells pix and slides of diesel, steam, elec. LIRR, EL, NYC, etc. List 5¢.

HARRY BENNETT, Jr., 1804 N. Mount St., Baltimore, Md. 21217, sells transportation pix, slides. List 25¢.

C.A. BIRD, 2003 Bordner, St. Paul, Minn. 55116, sells tr. orders, dispatchers' sheets, tts., rule bks., other railroadiana. (SSE)

WARREN CALLOWAY, Rte. 1, Box 144, Cary, N.C., buys any size negs. SAL 3003, 3012, 3013, 3016, 3042; any diesels in old paint scheme, FT's, Centipedes.

BERT CANNON, Box 111, Buckley, Wash., will sell AC Instructograph with Morse tapes, key, and sounder.

DENNIS CARPENTER, 18 McDowell Pl., Newburgh, N.Y. 12550, wants pix, negs. of Erie steam, esp. on N.Y. Div.; also 1900-'30 emp. tts.

KEN CASSELLS, Box 23, Tawa, New Zealand, sells steam loco builders' and number plates, books, pix.

DAVE COHEN, 230 Juanita Way, San Francisco, Calif. 94127, wants issues of Railroad Magazine Dec. 1929 to 1960.

RALPH COOPER, 4229 Greenwood Pl., Kansas City, Missouri 64111, buys, sells, trades emp. tts., tts., rule bks., Off. Guides. (SSE).

RAY CRAIN, 626 S. Hoefner Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90022, sells passes, tts., bks., etc. No list. (SSE).

DOUG CUMMINGS, 529 W. 63rd Ave., Vancouver 14, B.C., Canada, sells group of size 616 orig. steam negs. and orig. 35mm color slides. Trades size 616 negs., 35mm slides.

KEN DALY, 9909 Mayfield St., Livonia, Mich., will sell Railroad Magazine '29-'55, good cond. (SSE).

RAY DESCHENES, 903 Mohawk Rd. E., Ste. 305, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, sells 3½x5 to 11x14 steam pix CN, CP. List 10¢. Buys, sells CN, CP, TH&B steam negs.

FRANK DI FALCO, 3 Cobbossee Ave., Gardiner, Maine 04345, wants negs. of Mexican diesels.

TOM DORSEY, 5437 Remmell Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21206, buys any size pix of United Ry. & Elec. of Baltimore, 1899-1933.

Pfc BOB EASTWOOD, Jr., HQ, 2d Recon. Sqdn., 3d Armd. Cav., APO, New York, N.Y. 09227, wants info., negs., pix of ex-RDG coaches on NdeM, B&M, MEC, C&O.

BOB FARRICY, 1017 Westmoreland Ave., Syracuse, N.Y. 13210, sells back issues Railroad Magazine. (SSE).

GLENN FESSLER, Matheny School, Peapack, N.J. 07977, wants pix and tts. of any elec. operation. Answers all mail.

HAL FLETCHER, 42-64 65 Pl., Woodside, N.Y., buys, sells, trades rr. books. (SSE).

BILL FYLER, West Simsbury, Conn. 06092, will send 2 unused A&RF tickets for $1 donation to BERA tie fund. (SSE).

TED GAY, 6 Northview Dr., Morris Plains, N.J., sells pix of Western rrs. p.c. size negs., slides, 16mm movies.

AL GILCHER, 17 Lochland Rd., Valhalla, N.Y., sells pads of transfers. List and sample pad 10¢.

BILL GORDON, 811 Garson Ave., Rochester, N.Y. 14609, sells 24-picture booklet on Susquehanna and N.Y. (What price, Bill?)

BOB GORDON, 334 Kennerly Rd., Springfield, Pa. 19064, sells slides and pix trolleys and rapid transit lines. Buys or trades for orig. color slides or b&w negs. of CNS&M.

BOB GREENAWALT, 3643 Rosemead Blvd., Rosemead, Calif., wants rr. stock certificates, Poor's, Moody's Manuals.

R.E. HALL, 4386 Central St., Western Springs, Ill., collects small metal rr. emblems found in Shredded Wheat packages years ago. Has duplicates; will trade.

TOM HARPER, 6066 Reinhart St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19142, takes action slides of PRR, RDG, B&O, PRSL, PTC, PST. (SSE).

KARL HENKELS, 1628 N. Oakley Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60647, sells or trades on approval orig. 35mm Kodachrome slides of diesels and cabooses in his area. No list.

GILBERT HULIN, 4891 Donald St., Eugene, Ore. 97405, sells slides of SP&S, McCloud River RR, other Western rrs. Sample and list 25¢.

C.W. JERNSTROM, 822 Pelham Dr., Fort Wayne, Ind. 46805, will buy stereo recordings of UP "Big Boys."

E.G. JOHNSON, 2215 E. Bayley St., Wichita, Kan. 67211, will sell one copy of 2 books: "Colorado Midland" and "Pictorial Supplement to Denver, South Park & Pacific." (SSE)

Mrs. E.G. JOHNSTON, 4018 McKoon Ave., Niagara Falls, N.Y, has old issues of BLE (monthly) Journal, nearly all 1884 thru '87; also Loco. Fireman's Mag., 7 issues of '87. Total 50 magazines. Will sell at 75¢ each or $35 for lot.

ARNOLD JOSEPH, 2512 Tratman Ave., New York, N.Y. 10461, sells old issues Railroad Magazine, Trains, R&LHS Bulls., model mags., etc. (SSE) Buys collections of such mags., good cond.

W.E. KANZ (D&RGW engineman), 200 Sherman St., Denver, Colo. 80203, trades emp. tts. and tr. orders. Wants info. on Pittsburgh, Lisbon & Wstn., also Youngstown & Southern.

JOE KEARNEY, Jr., 5800 Penn St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19149, wants 35mm slides PRR steam and elecs., Baldwin rd. diesels, NYNH&H elecs., early diesels, RDG steam, early diesels, PRSL steam.

SHELDEN KING, R.D. 1, Lyons, N.Y. 14489, sells 32-page book, "Cortland County Traction." (What price, Shelden?)

JIM KNIGHTLINGER, R.D. 1, Cooperstown, Pa., will buy 35mm slides of PRR Horseshoe Curve seen from above.

GLENN LAVERY, 439 Bertsch Terr., Akron, O. 44311, sells 35mm aerial slides of PRR Horseshoe and Muleshoe curves. ACY wrecking crew at work, East Broad Top.

J. D. LEGER, 1732 Washington St., San Francisco, Calif. 94109, buys, sells, trades railroadiana. (SSE)

RONALD LEITCH, 18707 Ferncliffe Ave., Cleveland, O., trades 5 different Cleveland Rys. transfers for one trolley photo or 10 recent trolley transfers.

JOHN LUKKO, 23 Harvard Rd., Cranford, N.J., wants Boston & Albany pix.

R.T. MASON, Lisbon, Ohio 44432, will buy combination green and clear switchman's lantern globe.

Collection of C. W. Jernstrom, 822 Pelham Drive, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's cap-stacked No. 603 at Jersey City, N.J., in 1886. Altoona Shops built this 4-4-0 in 1876.

SHORTLINES OF MISSISSIPPI

Locomotive roster compiled by Sy Reich

Bonhomie & Hattiesburg Southern Railroad

Road Numbers	HP	Builder	Builder's Model	Wheel Arngt.	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Notes
1-2	600	GM-EMC	SW1	B-B	48,800	195,300	1939	1

Columbus & Greenville Railway

601-605	1500	BW	DRS 6-4-15	A1A-A1A	55,800	280,000	1946	
606	1600	BLHW	AS-416	A1A-A1A	60,000	286,200	1951	
41-42	566	Whitcomb	—	B-B	44,400	148,000	1948	

Fernwood, Columbia & Gulf Railroad

600	600	GM-EMD	SW1	B-B	48,320	197,500	1941	2
900	900	GM-EMD	SW9000	B-B	57,500	230,000	1957	
D1-D3, D5-D6	380	GE	44 ton	B-B	22,000	88,000	1941	3

Meridian & Bigbee Railroad

1	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	60,800	247,250	1952	
102	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	60,160	244,390	1957	
103	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	60,310	241,230	1951	4

Mississippi & Skuna Valley Railroad

3	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	41,280	137,600	1951	

Mississippi Central Railroad

201-210	1200	GM-EMD	SW9	B-B	49,600	248,000	1953	5
211	1800	GM-EMD	GP28	B-B	59,150	249,500	1964	

Mississippi Export Railroad

46	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1946	8
47	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	22,000	88,000	1941	6
48-49	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	?	7
60	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	?	?	1957	
61	1000	GM-EMD	NW5	B-B	?	?	1947	9
62	1000	GM-EMD	NW2	B-B	?	?	1948	10

Mississipian Railway

Owns 2 units, the specifications of which are unknown to us.

Natchez & Southern Railway

Owns no equipment. Missouri Pacific uses its facilities.

Pearl River Valley Railroad

?	300	GE	45-ton	B-B	22,500	90,000	1945	11

Owns one unit, the specifications of which are unknown to us.

Rosters are based on data from president of B&HS, C&G, president of FC&G, master mechanic of M&B, M&SV, vice pres. and gen. mgr. of MC, and chief mechanical officer of Missouri Pacific. They are accurate as of the first quarter, 1965. For the purpose of our rosters, a shortline is defined as a common carrier railroad listed in either the Official Guide or the Pocket List of Railway Officials, or both, and which has a route mileage less than 400.

Locomotive builders: GM-EMC, General Motors-Electro Motive Corp.; BW, Baldwin-Westinghouse; BLHW, Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton-Westinghouse; GM-EMD, General Motors-Electro Motive Div.; GE, General Electric.

(1) B&HS 1, 2 ex-Wabash Ry. 103, 102.

(2) FC&G 600 ex-Elgin, Joliet & Eastern 240, purchased in 1959.

(3) FC&G D1, D2 sold to Des Moines & Central Iowa, renumbered 503, 504. Inherited by Ft. Dodge, Des Moines & Southern, not renumbered. No. 504 sold to Raymond International. D3 sold to Arcata & Mad River, renumbered 104. The D5 was originally New York, Ontario & Western 105. Sold to DM&CI, renumbered 503. Inherited by FDDM&S, not renumbered. D6 was originally NYO&W 102, then ME 47. Sold to DM&C1, renumbered 502, inherited by FDDM&S, not renumbered.

(4) M&B 103 ex-Illinois Central 8951.

(5) ME 208 sold to Chicago Short Line, renumbered 26.

(6) ME 47 originally NYO&W 102. Sold to FC&G, renumbered D6; then to DM&CI, renumbered 502. Inherited by FDDM&S, not renumbered.

(7) ME 48 sold to St. Johnsbury & Lamoille County. No. 49 sold.

(8) M7 46 sold to Mojave Northern, renumb. 4.

(9) ME 61 ex-Union Belt of Detroit 2.

(10) ME 62 ex-Detroit, Toledo & Ironton 914; rebuilt to 1200 hp.

(11) PRV 7 sold to Peter Klenitz Sons Co., then to Becker Sand & Gravel.

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Des Plaines, Illinois

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SONG IDEAS WANTED. Write with Professional Songwriters. Share royalties. Songwriters' Associates, 236 West 55th Street, New York 10019-N.

COMPLETE MUSIC SERVICE for songwriters. Colonna Enterprises—Box 888—Burbank, Calif.

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INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS NEEDED IMMEDIATELY for manufacturers. For additional information write Kessler Corporation, C-138, Fremont, Ohio.

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HYPNOTISM

HYPNOTISM REVEALED! FREE Illustrated Details. Powers, 8721 Sunset, Hollywood, California 90069.

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SINGLE MEN; "FACTS." Romantic Guadalajara. Airmail $1.00. Apartado 1357, Guadalajara, Mexico.

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ALL BRAND NAME Latex products. Confidential wholesale price list 10c. Distributor Sales, Box 6041-HM, Kansas City, Mo. 64110.

BOB McVAY, Box 625, King City, Calif. 93930, buys, sells, or trades PE emp. tts. Sells 35mm Kodachrome duplicate slides of Western steam and elec. (SSE)

WM. MOLL, 301 Locust Lane, State College, Pa. 16801, wants orig. and dupl. slides of Indiana RR, C&LE, etc.

ED MORAN, 3300 Netherland, New York, N.Y., sells old issues of Railroad Magazine, MRC, Trains, Model RRer, etc. (SSE)

JIM MULLIKEN, 1263 S. Peach St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19143, will buy recent copy of Off. Guide, Russell's Guide, Off. Airline Guide.

W.R. OSBORNE, 1019 S.E. 12th Ave., Deerfield Beach, Fla. 33441, will buy good action shots, preferably 8x10, of Baldwin loco 60,000 hauling any test train.

MIKE PANASUIK, 1688 Main St., West Warwick, R.I., sells, old rr. passes or will trade for model loco slides.

LOUIS POLINAK, 1017 N. Washington St., Shamokin, Pa., wants pix of trackside graves.

JACK POTTER (age 16), 225 Woodlyn Ave., Glenside, Pa., seeks pix of RDG Phila. Div. interlocking towers. Wants pen pals interested in PRSL steam.

SEAN RAFFERTY, 19 Skyland Dr., Greenville, S.C. 29607, buys any size C&WC steam pix. Wants info. on C&WC.

WALT REDMAN, 17667 Pierson Ave., Detroit, Mich. 48219, buys, sells Off. Guides. Sells p.c. size steam pix and rr. books. (SSE)

FRANK REILLY, 306 Front St., Dunellen, N.J., wants steam pix and railroadiana of CNJ, pix of Turkish State Rys. steam, esp. 4-4-2-2-2.

JOHN ROBERTSON, 800 E. Monroe St., Mexico, Mo. 65265, will buy photos, negs. and plans of Wabash, C&A, Bevier & Southern locos, steam only. Will pay top price for any size of Alton 77, 81, 88.

FRED SECORD, 871 Heron Ave., Miami Springs, Fla., sells South American rr. slides. (SSE)

AL SHARP, 100 Shennecossett Pkwy., Groton, Conn. 06340, sells Off. Guides '61-'64, Equip. Registers '61-'64, '19 Loco. Cyclopedia, '53 Carbuilders Cyclopedia.

DICK SHERRARD, 1701 Independence Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn. 55427, sells Soo Line loco diagrams.

JOE STARK, 5839 Hampshire Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn. 55428, will sell 1902 Grimshaw's "Locomotive Catechism."

FRED STICK, Reese, Mich. 48757, wants O'Neil's "Locomotive and Boiler Inspectors Handbook."

DAVE STRAIGHT, 7395 W. 32nd, Wheatridge, Colo. 80033, sells pix D&RGW, C&S, UP, AT&SF, SP steam and diesels. Sells, trades D&RGW diesel negs.

M.W. SWANSICK, 6430 Xavier Court, Arvada, Colo., will sell collection of 35mm slides of steam, diesels. (SSE)

CHUCK TRUMBULL, 107 Norumbega Dr., Monrovia, Calif., wants PE emp. mags., tts., pix. etc.

B.J. VINES, 1319 Brundage Lane, Bakersfield, Calif. 93304, sells drawings of Clinchfield steam locos. List $1, refundable if you buy drawings.

BILL WAGNER, Box 842, Richmond, Ind., wants 10/42 Railroad Magazine.

BILL WARDEN, 1216 Shamrock Lane, Waynesboro, Va., wants 8x10 pix EMD demonstration locomotive 459 on N&W Scioto Div. and first diesel trains on N&W Radford Div.

C.R. WATERMAN, 931 Burton St. S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich., wants pix of PM engine terminals.

ANTHONY WELLS, 33 Silverdale Rd., Bushey, Herts, England, professional artist, will make oil painting of any steam or diesel locomotive or train, any country, with kind of background you want, for $15 up, depending on size. Information free.

BILL WHITE, 740 Margo Lane, Memphis, Tenn. 38122, trades orig. Kodachrome slides diesels in his area for those in your area.

R.W. WITTEMANN, 6 Benson Rd., Kendall Park, N.J. 08824, sells rr. bks., mags., model kits. (SSE)

R. ZMIJEWSKI, 640 56th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11220, buys or trades for all size negs. and slides of CNJ steam, diesels, cars, stations, etc.

Model Trading Post

E. DANA, 1150 60 St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11219, wants std. gage locos and cars.

SAN GRAMP, Box 65, Potrero, Calif. 92063, will sell complete HO layout, incl. 20 locos, 70 cars, 600' track, etc.

WALLACE HUTT, 1710 Horton Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich. 49507, wants 2-rail 00 gage Lionel '40 Hudson axles with drivers.

DAN KIRCHNER, 7740 Littlefield, Dearborn, Mich., trades HO equip. for orig. slides, pix, books, etc.

BOB MASON, 545 State St., Holland, Mich., sells model elec. equip., rotary sw. machines, relays, and Thomas O gage frt. motors or will trade for traction books.

AL MILLER, 3212 34 Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn. 55406, wants Ives 1134 circus train set.

BOB WILSON, 12782 St. James Dr., Rt. 3, Box 422, Mantua, Ohio 44255, will sell 1½" scale 4-4-0 about 2/3 finished, with material to complete loco.

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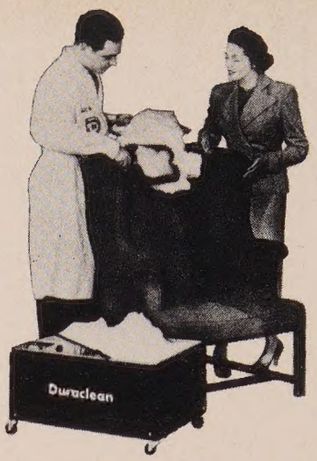

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We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

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•

What Dealers Say:

Langdon Lawson: National advertising is tops, creates leads. In September, working alone, jobs totaled $1,475.

R. C. Blue: Customer called a prominent competitor. They said they could not clean her badly soiled furniture . . .. to contact me, "if anyone could get it clean, I could"

Charles Randal: Business keeps growing. Made as much as $120 in one day.

D. Kern: Duraclean's proven-best process and the continuous help from headquarters gave me a big jump on all competition.

George Byers: For University, my total billing was $2,416. Total expenses $814.

Gerald Weihrauch: Three persons called me saw Duraclean advertised in magazines.

Edward Hoy: A smoke damage insurance claim bill was $186. All work was done by me in exactly 8 hours and 2 minutes.

John Hoak: I've never worked at anything I enjoyed more than Duraclean.

W. C. Smith: Earned $650 one week. Volume keeps getting bigger.

Service man for dealer **C. Weed:** Furniture was filthy black. When through, I was amazed how clean.

John E. Frost: First 2 months I grossed $1,000 part-time.

Loren Farris: I'm proud to be independent at 30. I wish I had known about Duraclean earlier.

Earl Davis: Our sales increased $17,660 this year.

Ed. Kramsky: In 2 years, I now have two assistants, a nice home and real security for my family.

Resale Service

If, because of illness, moving or for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and to help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost. R.D.K., after 5 months, sold for $2,000 above his cost. L.L., after 30 months, got $7,116 more than he had paid. The value of your dealership and franchise grows monthly.

FREE BOOKLET tells how to Start Your Own Business

With no obligation, we'll mail you a letter and 24 page booklet explaining this business . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you.

Then decide if this opportunity fulfills your dream of independence and a much bigger income.

Your location should be taken tomorrow . . . so mail coupon today.

Find Out with NO OBLIGATION

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It may put you in business

Duraclean Co., S-707 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

With no obligation, mail letter with 24 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

4 COMPLETE FISHING OUTFITS

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED IN U.S. & CANADA

2 LOADED TACKLE BOXES • 73 DEADLY LURES

463 PIECES

Enjoy the THRILL of SPINNING, SPIN CASTING, BAIT CASTING, & STILL FISHING

EVERYTHING SHOWN

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4 SETS FOR THE PRICE OF REELS ALONE

3 RODS & REELS

Plus 9' BAMBOO POLE and LINE

SAFETY STAR DRAG Found only on best reels

NEW 1965 MODELS

MARK IV ANTI-BACKLASH SPINNING REEL

SUPER "88" AUTOMATIC STAR DRAG SPINCAST REEL

PUSH BUTTON CASTING
ANTI REVERSE
NO BACKLASH

ARGOSY DIRECT DRIVE TROLLING REEL

POWER ACTION BLACK MAGIC FIBRE-GLASS RODS
STRONGER THAN STEEL OR BAMBOO

FREE! If you order NOW! 2 LEAKPROOF FLOATING TACKLE BOXES

28 pc. POPPING LURE SET

FIELD TESTED LURES
Proven the Deadliest Known

4 FAMOUS TROUT FLIES

SELECT QUALITY MONOFILAMENT LINE

DIP NET

5 pc. DROPLINE FISHING OUTFIT

NEW!

50 NATURAL BAIT LURES

FAMOUS CRAFTY LURES

COMPLETE! NOTHING ELSE TO BUY!

SELECTED FOR YOU BY EXPERTS. This choice fish-getting tackle contains nationally famous brands. Each item carefully chosen—everything you need for all types of fishing. All time favorite lures. A veteran angler or an occasional fisherman can be proud of this precision-built kit. No other bargain like this anywhere.

LOOK! YOU GET EVERYTHING SHOWN. Super "88" Spincast Reel • MARK IV Spinning Reel with LINE • Argosy Direct Drive Trolling Reel • 5½ ft. 2 pc. Fiber Glass Spinning Rod • 4 ft. Fiber Glass Bait Cast Rod • 3½ ft. Fiber Glass Trolling Rod • 9 ft. 3 section Bamboo Pole • 73 proven Deadly Lures including the famous "OLD PAL" Lure • 5 pc. Furnished Line • 2 Floating Tackle Boxes with 2 removable trays • 28 pc. Popping Lure Kit • Dip Net, Stringer, Split Shot, Clincher Sinkers, Snap Swivels, Assorted Hooks, Snelled Hooks, Cork Bobbers, Popper Corks, and complete instructions. 463 pieces in all.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

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